JOHN BULL, JANUARY 13, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1752.

PENSION, CASH and NEW PRIZES

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

EVERYTHING ISN'T DEARER

One food still at Peace Time price

SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BOURNVILLE COCOA

Dad: Mind if I cut another slice of bread?
Mum: It's not half an hour since you had your tea. Don't I feed you enough?
Dad: What with the cold and all this war worry—I seem never to feel satisfied.

EVERYTHING'S dearer, you say in despair when you do the shopping! But there's one food that's still the same rock-bottom price and that's Bournville Cocoa.

You haven't time to understand what the doctors call 'Food Values', but you can take our word for it that Bournville Cocoa will fill up any gaps in the family's winter diet, and leave young 'tummies' feeling full, warm and comfortable. Just one cupful of Bournville Cocoa made with all milk is equal in food value to half a pound of cod or two eggs. And there are 28 cupfuls of hot, rich food drink in a quarter-pound tin. All that for sixpence—good value, isn't it? And just the same price as it was before the war.

Give them Bournville Cocoa to-night and see how it satisfies them and makes them grin and bear the blackout!

SHE GIVES HIM BOURNVILLE COCOA

Dad: Gosh, this fills you up all right. First time I've felt really hot for days.
Young Bill: Another cup for me, Mum. I'm going to beat Dad and drink three cups.

Their first children—
THREE BOYS

Most mothers who have taken in evacuated children know how to cater for them, but when a childless couple had three hungry boys on their hands it wasn't so easy.

'My husband and I have always wanted children, though we have none of our own,' says Mrs. Nancy Cragg, wife of a Newark coal merchant. 'So when the evacuation plans were made we offered our home to three little Sheffield boys—Malcolm, aged 9, Donald, 9, and Brian, 6.

It was a bit of a shock at first having suddenly to cope with a full-size family and I didn't see how the money was going to stretch out. Then I read the Bournville advertisements. My word, how those boys tuck into their Bournville Cocoa! And it's doing them a power of good. It's not only a drink, it's a food and it costs practically nothing.'

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

—A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

Cocoa makes every meal go further

6d PER ¼ LB 11d PER ½ LB

NO RISE IN PRICES

TWO 'PHOENIX' GLASS OVENWARE PIE-DISHES FREE!

A reduced illustration of the TWO Pie-Dishes, capacity one and a quarter pints. Actual size: 9¼ in. by 6¼ in. by 2 in.

YOUR LAST CHANCE *apply at once!*

HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this Gift that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of copies of "WOMAN." Hand him the Form below TO-DAY.

B "WOMAN"

The National Home Weekly. 8d. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Woman" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

A wonderful opportunity for "John Bull" readers!

THIS week, "WOMAN," Britain's greatest journal for women, gives you a final opportunity, if you are not already a reader, to accept a GIFT of TWO SUPERB PIE-DISHES made of genuine, Gleaming All-British "Phoenix" Glass Ovenware—FREE FOR YOU if you apply AT ONCE. Here's something that every "John Bull" housewife has long wanted! Something beautiful, endlessly useful, indispensable to every home. Supplies of this splendid gift are strictly limited. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. Don't miss this final opportunity. The Forms below will not be published again. Post them immediately.

"PHOENIX"—a name that is world-famous! These lovely PIE-DISHES are the last word in smart appearance, labour-saving convenience and cooking luxury and economy. Beautifully proportioned, they have a flawless, hygienic surface that is crystal-clear—and stays clear. Each is made from the wonderful all-British "Phoenix" heat-retaining Ovenware Glass.

Every dish carries a written guarantee for twelve months against oven breakage through heat, and is good for a LIFETIME of splendid service. Actual size of each dish 9¼ in. by 6¼ in. by 2 in. Capacity of each . 1¼ PINTS.

Think of the tasty, delicious meals you can prepare using these delightful dishes. Not only can they be used for all kinds of pies—but for milk puddings, custards, charlottes, vegetable dishes, fish, entrées, and no end of appetising meals. Food looks better and cooks better. All the nutriment and flavour is retained. You serve from the dishes you cook in! So easy to clean! No cracks or crevices to harbour food particles, dirt or grease. Easier washing-up—a little warm water and they're bright and gleaming in an instant.

All you are asked to do to secure these two beautiful Pie-Dishes is, AS A NEW READER, to give "WOMAN" a fair trial—commencing with the current issue.

This great offer is possible only because we know that once "John Bull" womenfolk see this thrilling Women's Journal they'll want to continue as regular readers.

The pages of "WOMAN" are crammed with fascinating features, lavishly illustrated in brilliant colours. Exciting, up-to-date—every page is filled with wonderful fiction and new ideas on home-making, beauty, health, dress, cooking, sport, etc., etc. It's almost unbelievable value for only twopence!

DO THIS NOW!

Complete Reservation Form and Label and post at once. SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt you will be sent your Gift Voucher entitling you to qualify for your two Pie-Dishes.

TO QUALIFY, you are, as a new reader, asked to return the Gift Voucher, accompanied by sixteen Tokens cut from consecutive issues of "WOMAN." Tokens eligible are the Series "P" in the right-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "WOMAN." Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. "P.49" from the issue out on January 11 or the token from any subsequent issue.

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only 1/3 (one shilling and threepence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing in Glassware container and carriage right to your home, etc.

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do, except to complete and hand to your newsagent the Order Form on the left for the regular supply of your copies of "WOMAN." THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT and must be done at once, otherwise you run the risk of missing the issue containing your first Token, and other issues containing your remaining Tokens. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE GIFT SET OF PIE-DISHES.

URGENT! Remember, this offer is limited. Don't miss such a rare chance. Apply at once!

POST AT ONCE

—CUT HERE—Do not separate Reservation Form and Label—

A SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

TWO "PHOENIX" OVENWARE PIE-DISHES FREE!

Applications will be treated in strict rotation.

RESERVATION FORM

Address envelope to "Woman" as shown below, and post to

"WOMAN," PIE-DISH GIFT DEPT., J.B.,
8, ARDE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. (Ptd.)

This reserves your Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name my Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes, and send me my Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake AS A NEW READER to give "Woman" a fair trial for thirteen weeks. I have placed an order with my Newsagent for regular supply of "Woman."

Your Reader's Signature .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS { Full Postal Address .....

Date .....

Last day for receipt of Reservations: Tuesday, January 30th, 1940.

This scheme applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

John Bull, 13/1/40

The label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be fixed to with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

W/J.B. .....

"John Bull" Guarantee

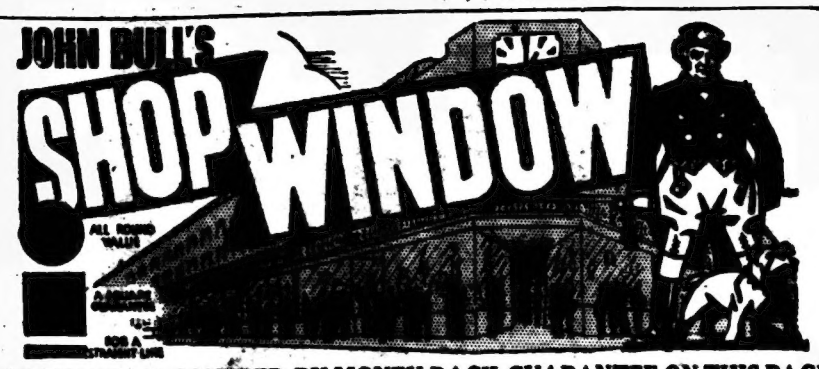
EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.



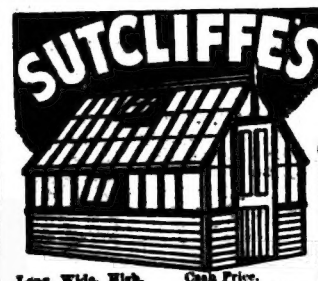
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON THIS PAGE

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

21/-

69 in. long when extended. 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, 2/-, Eng., Scot. and Wales.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1



FROM **10/11** MONTHLY.

Design T.L. GREENHOUSE

Six complete easy-fitting sections and staging, moulded weather board base, framed ventilators, half-glass door, mortice and tenon joints. Glass supplied, also paint for one coat after erection. Carriage paid.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£6 17 0
9ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	£7 1 0
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	£8 11 0
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	£10 19 0

Monthly Terms arranged (with reservations). Send Now for BIG, FREE CATALOGUE of GREENHOUSES, GARDEN SHEDS, POULTRY HOUSES, etc.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 21, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET **1/6** Post 3d.
Refill batteries 3d. each or 2/9 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Beacon Button

Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 9d., post 3d. Refill batteries 4d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 6d.

WALK IN SAFETY

From all dealers or direct from Chiswick Engineering Ltd., 7, High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 (Dept. J.B.6). Trade Enquiries Invited.

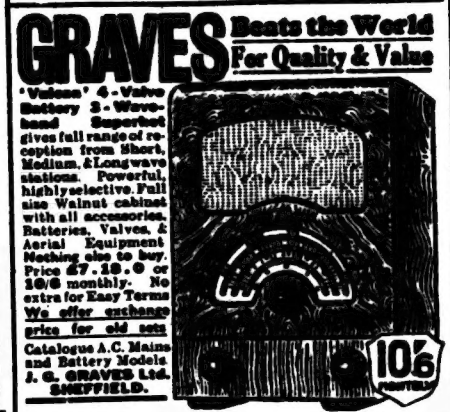
HEATER For 10 x 8 Greenhouse **10/6** Cash with order. Carriage paid. Satisfaction or refunded. 100% SAFE.

STEADY AS A GAS FLAME!

Best British Steel, all welded, strongly made and painted. 1 Gal. filling burns 96 hrs. at full heat, raised easy-fill cap, clear mica window, simple control, firm chimney, FUMELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE. 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6. 14 x 8 £1. Meets A.R.P. regulations. *Buy before prices rise.*

SEND NOW.

STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO., (Dept. J.B.), Mersey Street, Portwood, STOCKPORT



'Valcon' 4-Valve Battery 2-Waveband Superhet gives full range of reception from Short, Medium, & Long-wave stations. Powerful, highly selective. Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, & Aerial Equipment Nothing else to buy. Price £7.10.0 or 10/6 monthly. No extra for Easy Terms We offer exchange price for old sets

Catalogue A.C. Mains and Battery Models J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

AMAZING OFFER Heavy Woolly Blankets, White, Pink or Air Force Blue. Full size. Every purchaser will receive 10/- worth of goods entirely free, which they may select from our Catalogue of bedding, clothing, fancy goods, watches, clocks, etc. 5 Blankets and 10/- bonus for 20/-, or 3 Blankets and 5/- bonus for 10/-. C.O.D. 9d. extra.

A.R.P. Black-Out (Navy Blue) BLINDS

Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 48. Hemmed for rod. 3 for 5/-, with 5/- bonus; 7 for 10/-, with 10/- bonus. Larger sizes up to 72in. by 72in., 6d. per blind extra. No C.O.D. over 72 x 36.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.)
19, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.
ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

He watched for—DEATH!

THE man was talking too much . . . the police would be interested in what he was saying. The smart figure in evening dress, sitting alone, got up and went over to them . . . during the ensuing conversation he dropped a poison pellet into the talkative one's drink . . . and returned to his table to WATCH FOR DEATH . . . This is one of the dramatic incidents from "A BUSINESS RISK" in the brilliant new issue of "20 STORY MAGAZINE." It's just one of twenty, long, complete, thrilling stories of romance, adventure, comedy, crime, etc., and they're all by your favourite authors. Here's wonderful entertainment for many black-out evenings. Get a copy NOW and ask your newsagent to supply this greatest value fiction magazine to you every month.

THE 20 STORY MAGAZINE

JUST OUT—ONE SHILLING

SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER-FINISHED

FLYING WAISTCOATS

3/11

Post 6d.

These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost many times our price. Ideal for garden, motoring, farm, etc. (32 to 50 chest). BRAND NEW. UNUSED.

BARNES STORES (P50), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(And at 48, Kingston Rd., Portsmouth).

—because it gives support and safety with comfort hitherto unobtainable. Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and feel years younger—better to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Braces sagging stomach muscles. Prevents liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning. NOTE! We service the belt FREE of CHARGE after six months' wear. Scientifically constructed of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic 6/6 post free. Send NOW, stating waist measurement, to VERGAS (Dept. J.B.), 128, Baker St., London, W.1.

ESSENTIAL TO ARMY, NAVY & AIRFORCE MEN, WARDENS, POLICE LORRY-DRIVERS, MOTORISTS, etc.

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 6/3

Post 6d.

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seam strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 42 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Complete suit 12/6. Post 9d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A)
Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey.
Government Contractors.

RETAILERS

The War has made shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended Country wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active Salesman among the MILLIONS who read the announcements every week?

For particulars and rates write on business letter heading to: Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "JOHN BULL," Room 20, 57/58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RUN A LITTLEWOOD CLUB

Send for Free Catalogue and full particulars.

Make Money in 1940 with this Excellent Hobby!

You can make new friends and money by running a Littlewood 1/- Club—without interfering with your work and without risking any capital. Also provides a pleasant way of making extra money! There's a coupon on page 6 which will bring you, Free, a magnificent catalogue of war time bargains, complete outfit of stationery, etc., and full particulars. Fill it in now while you think of it and post at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool 3.

TORCHES

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

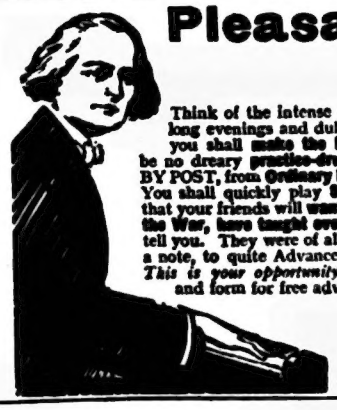
NOT AN A.R.P. TORCH but a BRITISH MADE heavily NICKEL PLATED torch having the CORRECT VOLTAGE AND BRILLIANCY with a well made patent switch. Screw cap each end. LARGE 2 cell FULL capacity 3 VOLT battery. 6½ ins. long, weighing over 8 ozs.

PRICE **2/9**

Complete with specially made LAMP 3 VOLT 2 CELL BATTERY and 2.5 v. bulb. FREE PACKING! FREE POSTAGE! 3 cell refill batteries 9d. each, post free or 9/- per doz., post and packing free. Weight of torch complete 3½ ozs. Length 6 ins. Obtainable from all dealers or direct from the actual manufacturers

Chiswick Engineering Ltd., 7, High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 (Dept. J.B.T.1). *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

Pleasant Evenings at The Piano



Think of the intense pleasure to yourself and friends in being able to play during long evenings and dull Sundays. LET ME teach YOU to play **really well** so that you shall **make the Piano sing**—and read music readily at Sight! There shall be no dreary **practice-drudgery**, but simple, enjoyable **Physical and Mental Training, BY POST, from Ordinary Music**, no freakish methods, in your own home and leisure time. You shall quickly play **Songs, Dances, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters**, so that your friends will **want you always. I have enrolled more than 400 adult pupils during the War, have taught over 21,000 during 35 years**, and of their delighted success I can tell you. They were of all stages from Absolute Beginners who started without knowing a note, to quite Advanced Players. **I TAUGHT THEM, AND I CAN TEACH YOU!** *This is your opportunity.* Send p.c. for free book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice. Say if Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

MR. H. BECKER
(British by Birth and Descent)
(Dept. 781), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no battteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.9), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Regn.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

Last days!

This great New Year Gift offer is closing shortly—if you have not yet applied, you cannot afford to delay. The two Gift Vouchers below are presented FREE—one worth 2/9 and the other worth 7/6. Either or both will be accepted in part payment for these magnificent All-British Writing Sets. Fill in and post the Coupon below to-day.

A TYPICAL LETTER OF APPRECIATION.

"I am writing with a 'John Bull' pen I had from you 19 years ago." E. I. G., Newton Abbot, Devon.

John Bull Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1940.

No. A 77546

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set No. 1. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull Gift Voucher — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1940.

No. B 77546

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe No. 2. The Pen has five inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

IMPORTANT
LET US SEND IT FOR YOU

If you wish to make a present, why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your Card if you desire.

BRITISH MADE.

"John Bull's" Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 3/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 8/- plus 3d. for postage & insurance, making 8/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

(2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 13/1/40

THE drone of aeroplanes was heard in the distance. Would they pass over was the one question in the minds of the townfolk who waited with fast beating hearts.

The question was settled only too soon. Suddenly the world seemed to be torn asunder. People raced for their lives. Great buildings tumbled like children's bricks. Rescue parties were soon on the scene tending the injured.

This is typical of what is happening in Finland at the present time as depicted in the picture above, taken after an air raid on Helsingfors recently.

So far, we in this country, have escaped this, but how long shall we be immune? How long will Hitler be content to send over his aircraft for reconnaissance purposes only? Not a soul can say, and for that reason it is the duty of everyone to be PREPARED, and the reason why every family *must* take advantage of "John Bull's" great offer of vital Wartime Security—

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

But "John Bull" not only provides this generous Wartime protection which would cost £4 4s. in annual premiums if obtained through an insurance company, "John Bull" also offers Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc. Here are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance:—

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200	should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100	for either.
	The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife.
£100	for loss of two limbs.
£100	for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100	for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50	for loss of one limb.
£50	for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSE-BREAKING up to £500.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you absolutely FREE. Use the Forms below NOW.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date _____ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13/1/1940

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 139, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/1/1940.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES best for tone and volume. Loud, Medium and Soft. 200 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios, 6d. 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

CYCLE REAR LAMPS 12/9 doz. Marvellous seller. Agents wanted. Sample 1/6.—PITT, Bower Hall Chase, West Mersea, Essex.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. BAZAAR GOODS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, etc. 144-page Catalogue free.—May (126), Birmingham.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £5 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, on 1/- weekly terms.—Send postcard for big Bargain Catalogue and fullest details, to Dept. J.B.61, Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Manchester, 1.

AN excellent hobby by which you can make money in 1940. On page 6 appears an announcement which invites acceptance of a pleasant way of giving yourself a prosperous New Year. You can make new friends and money by running a Littlewood 1/- Club. Without interfering with your work and without risking any capital, a Littlewood Club is a pleasant way of making extra money. Take the first step by getting (1) beautifully illustrated Catalogue of war-time bargains; (2) booklet explaining the easiest way to form and run a Littlewood 1/- Club; (3) complete outfit of stationery, members' cards and forms, etc. Fill in the coupon on page 6 at once. Send now, while you think of it.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS — FREE.—The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 340, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd.—FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved Occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd.—For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/9; Memos, Cards, near pre-war prices. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

RETAILERS

OFFERING SPECIAL

A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* Room 23, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

MEN OLD AT 40. GET VIGOUR. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain RAW OYSTER stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force. Introductory price ONLY 1/9 a bottle. If not delighted with instant results, maker returns its LOW price. At all chemists; & branches Boots', Timothy White's & Taylors.

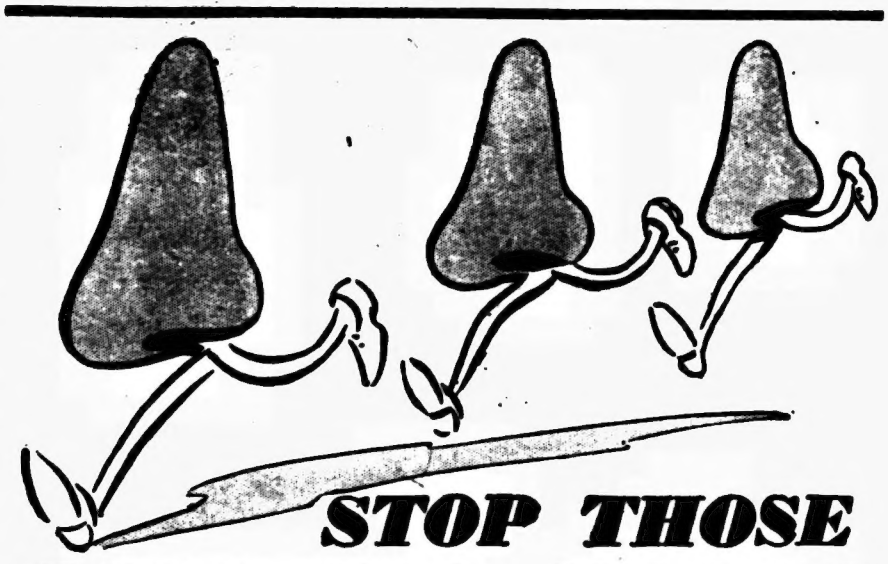
CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning John Bull, to "Vick," 212, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

ZEE-KOL Almond Oil Tablet Soap creates beauty and preserves beauty. Containing Almond Oil, it is costly. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a marvellous tonic to the skin. Now only 6d. a large tablet, and well worth it.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it.

ONE way of banishing constipation is to take Feen-a-mint, the chewing laxative. You need only take it occasionally. It's like magic the way you feel fit so soon. Don't become a slave to daily dosing. Take Feen-a-mint—which has no unpleasant after-effects.



STOP THOSE RUNNING NOSES

Hi! Hi!! Hi!!! Stop that sniffing! Stop those Head Colds! Stop that deadly Catarrh! Clear those noses! Feel what it's like to breathe freely—really to enjoy your 'smokes'—to get back that appetite—to lose that stuffy feeling! Catarrh poisons the food you eat and pollutes the air you breathe. And that germ-laden mucus you are carrying in your head is a perpetual menace to yourself and to those you meet. Head colds lead to Catarrh. So play safe—make sure! At the first sign of a Cold—act quickly!

CATARRH

- CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS
- LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS
- DULLS THE BRAIN
- POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM
- CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days. You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than today!

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum.' This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. Stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of all Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some today.

MENTHOLATUM
BRAND BALM

6D. *tins and* **1/3** *jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Back*

If you prefer, ask for the LIQUID form, price 1/5 complete with dropper

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon on p. 29, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 69, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.13), Ficet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 34.

THERE is more than confidence and courage behind an Odol smile—there is the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol Toothpaste which you can get at any chemist or stores at 6d. and 1/- a tube. If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large-size tin.

WHICH of the three sleep groups mentioned in the Horlick's announcement on page 23 do you come under? Readers will find much of interest in the reasons which bring about nerves, tiredness and run-down conditions as a result of war strain. The message which Horlicks gives should be acted upon at once when lost energy, depression, war worry and run-down conditions will disappear, and vigour, vitality and better health will be restored from the good sleep obtained by the regular use of Horlicks every night.

ONE of the finest safeguards against coughs, colds, 'flu and other winter ills is Galloway's Cough Syrup. Equally effective and safe for young and old. Keep a bottle of Galloway's Cough Syrup handy, its value is greater than ever at the present time. Obtainable everywhere from Chemists and stores at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle.

EVERY girl who is doing National Service and is continually exposed in the open should protect her skin. Try Doge Cream, the marvellous complexion restorer. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. Takes awry wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. In tubes, 6d. and 9d., and in pots, 1/- and 2/-.

A.R.P. Workers. Always have a tin of Zee-Kol Ointment handy. When one is on the march, rub in Zee-Kol between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition, and your feet will not get tired. Zee-Kol works wonders with Skin troubles and heal's Ulcers, Chilblains, Before Burns, etc. Zee-Kol Ointment costs only 6d., 1/3 and 3/- everywhere.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

FREE Authoritative booklet. Every home ought to have a copy, because it contains measures which will guard against infectious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc. You should take all measures to have health and life in your family, and the finest information on the prevention, recognition and restriction of all infectious diseases is contained in the special booklet, which can only be obtained from the makers of Sanitas. So write, mentioning *John Bull*, now, while you think of it, to The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Book Dept. J.B., 51, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

EGGS ARE SCARCE AND DEAR! In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. "The Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "back-yard" poultry keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, 1 twopence.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.9), 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

BEAT the U-boat Campaign—grow more food. New Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Seedsmen (Dept. J.B.), Edinburgh, 7.

PEARL Endowment Policies bought outright; also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes. Big Money-making opportunities waiting for you. New Adana Automatic Printing Machine needs no skill and easily operated. Send for Free Book.—D. A. Adana (Dept. J.B.), 17, Church Street, Twickenham.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War prices. 8½/- profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 300-hole board 3/9, and illus cat., BURDOM HUNTER, 36, Woodville Road, London E.11.

A VERGAS BELT gives support with comfort to abdominal muscles. Saves fatigue and strain. —Write now to Vergas (Dept. J.B.) 126, Baker Street, London, W.1.

YOU NEED NOT be without Torches and Batteries. Immediate Stocks available. See Chiswick Engineering Co.'s advert. on page 3.

GENUINE London Busmen's Trousers now available at 6/3, post 6d. Suitable for A.R.P., Factory work, etc. See Willson Bros. advert., page 3.

THE TRUVOICE is a low-priced all-wave radio set of superlative quality. Get particulars of this to-day. Although only 6½ guineas, you can get it on H.-P. Terms. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for full details to Henri Selmer & Co., Ltd., 114, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 65), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

ROWNTREE'S Cocoa is good as well as an excellent warming drink. It is digestible and nourishing. Its lovely rich, chocolaty flavour is one the children like. It is economical, too! You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup. See page 21.

A RECIPE for a delicious family cake is given in the Borwick's Baking Powder announcement on page 24. To make a cake perfectly, you must use Borwick's Baking Powder.

ALWAYS keep Oxo handy. Add it to your cooking every day, because of its excellent food value. In these trying times you need extra nourishment. Oxo gives this. You will enjoy its extra richness and improved flavour. See that Oxo is on your next shopping list.

IF you have never tried Shavex, do so at once. It is the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Popular with the British forces, you will find that you can shave in a quarter of the time it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel fresh as a daisy. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes. Shavex is used all over the world. Beware of invitations—there is nothing like Shavex at 6d. 1/- and 1/6 tubes and 1/6 pots.

X MARKS THE SPOT

where Mrs. Smith is shopping

X *in the security of her own home*

+ X marks your chance of MORE MONEY & FRIENDS

Mrs. Smith is wise. In these black-out times she is shopping in the security of her own home, from a Littlewood Catalogue of Unbeatable War-time Bargains handed to her by the Organiser of a Littlewood Shilling Club.

With all the difficulties and inconveniences of shopping during black-out, there are plenty of Mrs. Smiths and Mr. Smiths ready to join your Littlewood Club—to secure their pick of bargains in the safety of their firesides.

It brings you good, regular Commission—and Special Bonuses—and Free Gift directly you start your first Club. Brings you MONEY, NEW FRIENDS, and a HAPPY HOBBY for these black-out evenings.

IT'S EASY TO START

You haven't to put down any money. Doesn't interfere with your regular job or your home duties. It's a hobby for your spare time—and THE HAPPIEST OF HOBBIES!

We make it easy for you, because the Littlewood Catalogue is a Treasure House of War-time Bargains. And whilst your friends may find it difficult to get satisfaction elsewhere, they will find just what they want *here*. The values leap to the eye! Just show this Catalogue to family and friends, and hear what they say. They'll be eager to join your Club and secure their pick of the bargains for only a 1/- a week. Tell your friends:

GOODS WILL BE WORTH MORE THAN MONEY

So, joining a Littlewood Club is going to be a really good investment!

10 TO 20 MEMBERS

A full Littlewood Club consists of 20 Members. But don't hesitate if you are not sure of 20 at the start. We are willing to accept your Club with any number from 10 upwards.

NO EXPENSE TO YOU— EVERYTHING FREE

Wouldn't you like the Opportunity to lift the burden of war off your shoulders—to make MONEY AND FRIENDS—by having a profitable new hobby for these black-out times?

No expense to you, because we offer you the wonderful Littlewood Catalogue of War-time Bargains, the Booklet of Hints and the complete Club Outfit—value 5/—entirely **FREE.**

Wouldn't you like that? Then send us your name and address on the Coupon. We will do the rest.

Faithfully yours,

John Moores

Managing Director.

LITTLEWOODS MAIL ORDER STORES LTD.
(*Directors:* JOHN MOORES, CECIL MOORES) Old Hall St., Liverpool, 3.

MEN, TOO Show this to your menfolk, because thousands of men run Littlewood Clubs amongst their friends and workmates.

PROFIT! *for You*

FOR A FULL 20-WEEK 1/- A WEEK CLUB YOU RECEIVE

CASH 40/- OR GOODS 45/-

at your own choice from our Catalogue

- **FREE GIFT VALUE 10/6** the moment you start your first Club. This Gift may be chosen by you from anywhere in our Catalogue.
- **DEFERRED BONUS VOUCHER, VALUE 4/-**
- **EXTRA FREE GIFT VALUE 5/6** if you start a second Club while your first is still running.
- **UNLIMITED COMMISSION ON EXTRA CASH ORDERS** from Members and Non-Members, at 2/- in the £.

X COUPON - *HERE'S YOUR CHANCE* →

1. **LITTLEWOOD CATALOGUE OF WAR-TIME BARGAINS, beautifully illustrated.**
2. **BOOKLET explaining the easiest way to form and run a Littlewood Shilling Club.**
3. **COMPLETE OUTFIT of Stationery, Members' Cards and Forms, all ready printed with my own name and address—everything necessary to run a successful Littlewood Club.**

I would like to try my hand at forming a Littlewood Club. To make up my mind, I would first like to see your Catalogue and full particulars. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name (in full).....
(Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

Address.....

Town..... *County*..... JB/23

CUT OUT THIS COUPON TO-DAY! Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

FREE

LITTLEWOOD 1/- CLUBS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 13, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

NAZI IDES OF MARCH

ONE of the scores of rumours you'll hear about Hitler in the next six weeks will be true.

Which will it be? What will he do in March?

January and February are always devoted by the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda to spreading scares designed to keep the world on tiptoe. Action follows in the next month.

Worked Before

This method has worked in the past.

Three years ago this month, when we'd hardly recovered from the shock of Hitler's march into the Rhineland, Continental telephone wires hummed with hints of war

Instead, there came the Nazi renunciation of the naval treaty. London and Paris were relieved, set out to negotiate a new treaty.

Backed by his rumour campaign, Hitler had won an easy diplomatic victory.

Six Weeks' Suspense

Two years ago, Europe was again in suspense for six weeks.

Although the rumours were organised by the Nazis, their ambassador in London, Von Ribbentrop himself, gave "reassurances" nearly every day. One of them was passing his lips when Austria was invaded.

Last March came the Czech disaster, preceded by the usual rumour campaign.

What is the Truth?

It is the same again this year. One wave of rumours after another, thanks to Dr. Goebbels' skilful use of neutral journalists.

Nazi action against Sweden.
Invasion of Rumania.
Revival of the Rome-Berlin Axis.
Goering ousting Hitler, or Hitler ousting Goering . . .

Which will prove true?

Too early to say yet.

Only certainty is that the stories are designed to confuse the Allies, plus a near-certainty that a big new move will be made in March.

Beware the Ides of March!

Belisha Beaten

Unless an adequate explanation of Hore-Belisha's resignation is given to the reassembled House of Commons, the nation will remain uneasy. We can't afford that in war time.

Clearly, a key Cabinet Minister doesn't retire because of a minor disagreement. Equally clearly, the Prime Minister must give an assurance that the Brass Hats were fighting the country's battle and not their own in the encounter they have just won.

Outsiders Win

Curious that two of the Cabinet vacancies had to be filled by men outside the House of Commons!

Sir John Reith is an able administrator and Sir Andrew Duncan an eminent business leader, but what of the 615 Members of the House itself?

Was there no available talent in that considerable number of M.P.s; no minor prophet worth honouring in Westminster?

Soft Seats

If not, it doesn't say much for our elected representatives and prompts the question: "What are we paying them for?"

The House may be the best club in the world, but its seats are not meant to be slept in.

Sheltered "Shelters"

Nazi air raids on the Shetlands continue, average three a month. Reason is that the island harbours are used for R.A.F. flying boats of the North Atlantic U-Boat Patrol, which is so effective that few Nazi submarines now venture within its big radius.

The rugged, desolate islands, more than a hundred in all, make poor targets for Nazi bombers.

Vital Disagreement

No bad blood between the T.U.C. and the Treasury. Merely a plain and vital disagreement.

Sir John Simon wants to keep wages down to their present level to help his war Budget.

Equally naturally, T.U.C. insist that either living costs must be kept down or wages raised.

No need to ask where JOHN BULL stands on this issue.

Unfair Sacrifices

The Cabinet has done much to restrict price rises. Still, living is dearer by half-a-crown in the £.

We must all be prepared to make sacrifices, yet dearer food means that the poorer classes are making unfair sacrifices, just as rationing will allow better-off people to get more food by dining in restaurants.

T.U.C. is ramming home these points.

The Extra Money

Biggest burden undoubtedly falls on those with small fixed incomes, such as old-age and widow pensioners.

Letters from them are still a heartrending part of our mail. Their plight must be among the first subjects to be debated by the new Parliament next week.

Better pensions have already been agreed on in principle.

Problem still under discussion is how to raise the extra money. Every extra shilling on old-age pensions would cost £8,000,000 a year!

Their Little Bit

Already gifts are pouring into the Treasury. Most interesting are the smallest.

A Japanese living in British Columbia sends a hundred dollars.

A New York woman forwards two thousand dollars.

A retired judge sends a hundred dollars a month from a small income.

Others are sending all dividends from their investments.

Black-out Nerves

Experts complain that the black-out is having nervous effect on women, especially those in munition works.

Lonely because husbands or sweethearts have been called up, fewer chances for recreation, long journeys to work, are causing a neurosis that may in time reduce women's industrial output.

So the Industrial Welfare Society is urging the Government to organise big-scale recreation facilities.

Twinkle, Twinkle . . .

What has happened to the general street lighting promised us weeks ago?

Restricted to a few streets in Central London, it is proving so ineffectual that maybe officialdom is wondering whether it's worth while.

Obvious remedy is to place the lamps on short standards.

At present, fitted on twenty-foot standards, they ridicule Sir John Anderson's claim that they make torches unnecessary.

Dangerous Torches

His appeals are not enough to deter thoughtless pedestrians from pointing their torches upwards, blinding other road-users and causing accidents.

Better employ the police to prosecute these offenders than to summon, as in a North Country town, poor old folks who go downstairs with a lighted candle and allow a faint glimmer to be visible through an uncurtained fanlight.

(Continued overleaf.)

SIGN FOR SECURITY

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

A £200 POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

REGISTRATION FORMS ON PAGE 4.

Thro' Other Eyes . . .

The Flaw in the Steel.—*"Marianne, Paris."*

" No, don't plan a well-built house. It's a waste of time, with all these air raids.—*Ill 420, Italy.*

UP-TO-DATE CLIENTS

" Give us two bottles of wine, cash and carry.—*" Gringoire, Paris."*

Continued from previous page

Not for the first time, New Zealand gives a lead in social affairs that Britain would do well to follow.

New Zealand Government is already planning for the post-war period, and is determined that its soldiers will not return to share the burden of huge war debts.

There will have to be vast changes in our own social structure after the war, and our Government should begin now to prepare them.

Dig, Dig, Dig . . .

L.C.C. is now sending out application forms to potential " allotmenteers" in the many boroughs under its jurisdiction. Many of London's famous parks will soon be turned into arable land.

Some councils are still slow to adopt the " Dig for Victory " slogan.

Present total of 900,000 allotments (many of them derelict) must be increased by 500,000.

In addition, there are 3,500,000 private gardens that could grow food.

Unwanted Fodder !

Also being prepared is a national scheme to use waste food from Army camps and private households, unconsumed bread, potato peelings, and so on.

Estimated that 120,000,000 tons of " rubbish " are burned every year that could be turned into animal feeding stuffs or fertilisers!

Tomfool Suggestion

Far less comprehensible was suggestion that R.A.F. Voluntary Reserve pilots, who gained their training in the last war, and often defied death, should not be allowed to wear " wings " on their tunics.

Idea was that this most prized badge of airmen should be worn only by men who qualified as pilots in this war, a tomfool proposal that was arousing much bitterness and has rightly been scotched by the Air Ministry.

Sandbags on Dance Floor

Sympathise with a London club taken over as an air raid shelter. Sandbags were built on the dance floor to make a dividing wall, but were later made unnecessary by a change of plan.

After a night watchman had been engaged, it was decided to use the club as a day shelter only.

But the club pays the watchman's wages, and has lost hundreds of pounds in revenue.

Closing Down Surgeries

Among the war-hit are doctors, whose expenses have risen enormously. Their pay for panel patients remains the same.

Telling us of " definite profiteering in drugs," one reports that so many practices are now being run at a loss that doctors without private incomes will soon have to close down.

Position would be easier if patients paid promptly. War has made the dishonourable old gibe of doctors—" first to be called, last to be paid "—still more justified.

Diphtheria Menace

What is the Ministry of Health doing about a diphtheria epidemic that has been raging in the Conway Valley for weeks?

Fifty cases and five deaths have been reported to us from a village.

In view of such a grave state of affairs it is the duty of the Ministry to give the matter its immediate attention.

We all know how costly an epidemic of disease may prove to local ratepayers.

Look Beyond the Pump

Now look beyond the parish pump again to the wide upside-down world.

Stalin's request for German technicians has not been correctly reported. When first the Red Army failure became apparent, Hitler offered a complete Nazi General Staff and a plan of campaign.

Stalin refused, blaming his supply and transport systems rather than his generals.

His actual request has been for a thousand key men only in exchange for Russian aeroplanes.

Serious Conditions

Moscow's censorship of news is believed to cloak serious conditions. Neutrals returning from Russia report confiscation of radio sets in areas bordering Finland, mass arrests in arms factories since it was found that four out of ten shells sent to Finland were " dud," and stoppage of passenger travel from Leningrad to the south.

A Nazi Business

Cut-price Nazi goods are being dumped in neutral countries.

The exporters are paid in marks, while the Reichsbank keeps the foreign money.

Six million pounds a month is being realised in this way.

Factories are also being set up in neutral ports, to which German goods are sent. There they are camouflaged with local manufacturing marks and re-exported.

Rotten Leadership

Reasons for unexpected collapse of the Polish forces is leaking out at last.

Polish airmen complain that not once in the three weeks' fighting did they receive instructions to attack. When Col. Beck and his Government fled, they flew their machines to Rumania to prevent Nazis getting them.

Other refugees, now in Paris, say that similar muddle and hesitancy marked the conduct of Polish chiefs.

Not for the first time are Polish people subjected and persecuted because of their own rotten leadership.

Behind the News . . .

" **STICK** out the Spring and we'll have less to worry about " is the view of highest officialdom.

◆

ONE result of Mr. Hore-Belisha's resignation is that nothing will be heard for next few weeks of demand for the Army's own Air Force. But generals are determined to revive campaign " after the storm."

◆

LOCAL Labour Party secretaries have been warned against allowing Communists to " creep in " because of new attempt to spread Red propaganda through Labour Party organisation. Such propaganda has increased enormously since war started. Question of where money is coming from is now of official interest.

◆

HEAVY cost of £600 a man in the Army is due to increased mechanisation and dearer equipment. Figure of last war was £340 a man. Each R.A.F. man costs £2,500 a year, each Naval man £650.

King Leopold is taking no chances

◆

WEATHER is helping Finns, hampering Nazis. Rumania suspends permits to navigate the freezing Danube. Germany is cut off from Balkan exports and the Rumanian oil for which she was hoping. Single-track railways, her alternative route, are blocked by snowdrifts.

◆

ARREST of a Gestapo spy in Czech Legion, formed in France, has revealed three other Nazi agents. First arrest was made when a Czech refugee recognised the man who had bullied him in a concentration camp.

◆

YOU'VE read of the German railway crashes. But road transport is also in chaos. Kiel tramway system is breaking down. Because local services in Saxony have had to stop, workers are housed in temporary shacks near factories. They see families only at week-ends.

◆

BELGIUM is calling up 75,000 twenty-year-olds, whose training will be completed in four months. This is not because King Leopold expects serious trouble, but shows his determination to fight if necessity arises. Second line of defence is being built from Namur to Brussels.

◆

MORE Italian aircraft, munitions and volunteers have left for Finland!

◆

TWO more British gunboats been withdrawn from the Yangtse, making ten in all since war started, because war in China is flickering out. Japanese army, admitting 70,000 dead, even though real figure is probably far higher, is exhausted. Chinese army is reorganised and fresh. Some sort of truce will be arranged within next few weeks.

◆

WATCH Japan for another reason. Himmler's failure to bring Italy back into the Axis will be followed by Nazi wooing of Japan. Even a non-aggression pact between Moscow and Tokio is planned. It is unlikely that Japan will enter the European war. Hara-kiri is no longer popular!

A. G. Gardiner shows that the war in Finland is not a far-off side-show but the vital concern of all who stand for Liberty.

The spirit of free men fighting in a just cause . . . that is—

FINLAND'S INVISIBLE ALLY

Russian soldiers captured by the Finns. They did not fight well because they are merely slaves without a cause to inspire them.

HATS off to Finland! Whatever record leaps to light in the dark days ahead there will be none to eclipse the epic struggle that is being waged among the snows and forests and frozen lakes between the Baltic and the White Sea.

In the presence of this sublime heroism the world looks on amazed, thrilled and inspired.

With such an example, who can doubt that Europe will be delivered from the thugs who have joined hands to destroy its liberties?

But it is not enough to look on and cheer.

Marvellous as the achievements of the Finns have been, superior as they have shown themselves to be to the great sprawling Goliath that seeks to devour them, we cannot be blind to their extreme peril.

While the rigours of the winter last they may hold the enemy at bay, but it would be a miracle if, unaided, they could finally withstand the stupendous resources at the command of the Butcher of Moscow.

And what we have to realise is that they are fighting our battle. They are the spear-head of our front.

If they win the effect will be electrical over the whole theatre of the war.

If they lose and all Scandinavia falls into the grasp of the thugs, a deadly blow will be struck at the Allied cause.

DO NOT LET US BE UNDER ANY MISAPPREHENSION. THE WAR IN FINLAND IS NOT A FAR-OFF SIDE-SHOW.

The fate of Europe is in the balance there.

Nor must we nurse any illusion about the rival interests of Hitler and Stalin in Scandinavia dividing them.

ULTIMATELY they will; but for the present the two criminals are hand-in-glove.

Hitler, when in desperate need, bought Stalin at Stalin's own price, and he will pay it as long as it suits him to pay it.

His calculation is that if he can win the war he will be able to settle his account with Stalin at leisure.

And the rottenness of the foul Bolshevik structure, which events in Finland have revealed, leaves no doubt that the calculation is right.

Having butchered every man of brains in every walk of life, Stalin is left with a vast ramshackle empire of slaves, bankrupt of all ability.

Should he win the war in the West, Hitler would make himself master not only of Scandinavia and the Balkans, but of as much of Russia as he chose to gobble up.

But for the time being the two criminals must hang together, and the harder they are pressed the closer will be their co-operation.

They cannot afford to let each other down, for if one goes both go.

Stalin's invasion of Finland is the counterpart of Hitler's invasion of Poland, and just as Stalin stabbed Poland in the back to make things easy for Hitler, so Hitler will stab Finland in the back to make things easy for Stalin.

WHAT THE TWO BRIGANDS OBVIOUSLY HAVE IN VIEW IS THE PARTITION OF SCANDINAVIA ON THE SAME SCALE AS THE PARTITION OF POLAND.

Stalin is to have Finland and Hitler is to have Sweden with its iron-ore mines and Norway with its invaluable frontage to the North Sea.

If this plot is carried through three more free States will disappear from the map of Europe, three more free peoples will be reduced to the hideous servitude and persecution that afflicts Czechoslovakia, Poland and Austria.

And this is only the beginning. The appetite of these monsters grows by what it feeds on.

If Scandinavia falls into the maw of Hitler and Stalin, what prospect is there of Holland and Belgium escaping their rapacity?

What is more certain than that the same policy of mopping up the little countries will be applied to Hungary and South Eastern Europe?

What we are witnessing is the shadow of heathenism settling down upon Europe and blotting out the whole Christian civilisation.

Wherever the shadow spreads all freedom, all the values of human life are wiped out.

The peoples become slaves, living under the lash of the barbarians. Law and justice vanish.

Every rag of possession is stolen.

Religion, art and all the beautiful things of life are desecrated.

Brute force is the only power that counts and the secret police and the concentration camp are its instruments.

In the hideous language of the vile Stalin, all that stand for the ancient sanctities of civilisation are "liquidated"—that is massacred, as he has massacred millions of his own countrymen.

This is not a nightmare vision that vanishes with daylight. It is a reality.

It is the Great Darkness that is blotting out the whole European landscape.

The geologists warn us of the far-off coming of another ice age; but here is the advance of a spiritual ice age even more dreadful, for it falls on the living souls of men.

AND ALL THIS PERIL IS CENTRED TO-DAY IN THE FATE OF THE BRAVE LITTLE PEOPLE OF FINLAND WHO ARE FIGHTING AND DYING TO SAVE THEIR LIBERTIES AND, INCIDENTALLY, THE LIBERTIES OF ALL OF US.

WHO can watch that struggle without agony of spirit, not merely because of what its issue means to the world, but because of our admiration of this heroic people?

There, on the boundaries of the Arctic Circle, they have won their freedom from the Tsarist tyranny and founded a civilisation as enlightened and humane as any the world has to show.

Now the terror has come back. Now a more horrible tyranny than any conceived by the Tsardom threaten to swallow them up in the grim soulless abyss that the tyrant Stalin has made of poor Russia.

IS this frightful fate to be consummated with all the civilised world looking on?

Remember, it is the fate of the world, our world, that is involved as much as her own.

If she perishes, much else will perish with her—Sweden and Norway will go with her.

All their discretion will not save them if noble Finland falls.

Courageous action by Sweden now might avert the doom of her neighbour—and her own. Nothing else will.

She is marked down for destruction as Finland is, and her only chance of escape is to do as Finland has done—to do it now, and to do it with all her might.

If she makes the great refusal she will go down unhonoured and unsung, perhaps to be resurrected by the sacrifices of others.

But whatever the fate of Finland she lives as one of the immortals of history.

Nor, great though the strain on their resources is in the main theatre, can Britain and France neglect to give every ounce of help possible.

And this not only on grounds of sympathy but on grounds of strategy.

Finland is the main theatre of war at the moment. Victory or defeat there is vital to the whole campaign.

And the United States, that "brave new world," that looks so calmly on at the death-throes of civilisation in Europe, cannot her great heart be stirred to help to save this heroic people?

And beyond all mortal help, God bless and save Finland!

"England is a Lovely Book"

By "J.M."

ENGLAND is a lovely Book written in shining gold. Her binding is the Loyalty of Nations new and old. Her every page a Human Heart, her print is Truth so clear, and her index is the marching feet that come from far and near.

ENGLAND is a lovely Book for all the world to read. Her tales are very simple tales of succour given in need. Her illustrations rich and rare, for an Empire's hand it took, to paint the many scenes which go to make this Mighty Book.

ENGLAND is a lovely Book and in her margins deep are found the signatures of friends, made and meant to keep. And Love's the fadeless ink they use and Faith the shining quill. Oh Peace, there is one gleaming page enshrined for you to fill.

ENGLAND is a lovely Book which she dedicates to all; who walk in Faith and never pass unheeded those who fall. Who hold Humanity a Torch to ever keep alight. Oh, England is a Living Book and Sacred her Copyright.

Who? What? Why? Where? When?

—Here are the Answers to Your War Time Questions

American planes waiting at a British port to take their place in the R.A.F.

The United States will deliver 5,000 aircraft to us this year, but the bulk of these machines are apparently trainers and reconnaissance machines. Would it not be better to have bought fighters and bombers?

TRUTH is that although the United States is far advanced in civil aviation, it is far behind us in military aircraft design. It does not possess a single fighter or bomber with performance and fighting efficiency comparable to our best.

The Air Ministry Commission, touring the States last year, satisfied itself on that point. It had orders to buy if there was anything worth buying. There wasn't.

There were one or two good fighters on the drawing board, but the United States Army and Navy officials would not release them. Americans possess such specialised machines as the giant bombers known as "flying fortresses." We do not want them.

British experts believe such machines are too expensive, that they are too big a target, and that no single bomber can fight its way across the heavens by itself.

?

What is the "Statute of Westminster," constantly mentioned recently in references to Empire unity?

THIS Statute, passed in 1931, was the final act untying the Dominions from the apron strings of the mother country. It gave each of them absolute legislative autonomy.

The Dominions have all the separate status of a foreign country, owing only voluntary allegiance to the Crown.

Great Britain can DEMAND nothing from them, cannot interfere in their affairs.

We saw an example of that freedom at the outbreak of this war.

Each of them separately declared war on Germany, and was formally thanked by Britain and France for their aid.

They could have remained neutral if they had wished to do so.

?

Why should whale oil have risen so sharply in price since the War?

IT is an essential raw material in war time. From it we get both fat for food and glycerine for explosives, but the main reason is that the bulk of the whale catching fleets are Norwegian.

Arctic hunting grounds are barred because of U-boat activity, and floating factories of the whale fleets returning from the Antarctic have to run the U-boat blockade.

Heavy charges, heavy risk money paid to crews and a drop in nearest available supplies have caused prices to soar.

Germany built special whalers five years ago and entered the Antarctic to create stocks in readiness for war.

?

Why do neutrals protest more loudly about their trade losses through our blockade than to loss of life and ships through German methods of sea warfare?

COMPARATIVE figures of neutral loss in life and tonnage are:

Due to enemy action = 400 lives and about 200,000 tons of shipping

Due to Allied action = 12 lives and about 3,000 tons of shipping.

Losses caused by Allied action were really accidents. Unconvoyed vessels have blundered into our minefields.

Neutrals have protested loudly when they have been able to show that losses have been deliberately inflicted on them by the enemy. Nothing has been done about it. The rest they accept as a natural hazard of sea transport in time of war.

They are consistent when they protest to us about the effects of our blockade on their trade. That *is* also a deliberate infliction. But nothing much can be done about that either.

?

Is there some kind of vendetta against the Duke of Windsor? Is there any truth in the rumour that his services are not being properly used? What is his job?

THERE is no vendetta. It was the Duke's own wish that he should serve in some military capacity. His status demanded that he should be given high military rank, but it is against British custom for a prince of the blood to lead forces in the field.

That task is reserved for a professional soldier.

There remained an executive job at General Headquarters, but the only suitable job, that of liaison officer, was given to his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, at the outbreak of war. For obvious reasons, the position could not be altered.

After thoroughly acquainting himself with our forces in France and the extent of our military preparations at home, he has become chief liaison officer to the British Military Mission in Paris.

It is an important post, because he is now a main point of contact between the French and British Commands.

On his shoulders falls the responsibility of smoothing over the inevitable suspicions and frictions arising during the conduct of the war.

The Duke's position, his vast experience of affairs of State, and his knowledge of France and the French, make him better fitted for the job than any military officer or any politician.

?

Dealers are offering such small prices for secondhand cars that £10 seems to be the limit. But with petrol restrictions and heavy new taxation is it better to take such a price rather than keep the car in storage?

IT is a scandal that, having made motoring impossible for tens of thousands of persons, the Government, needing cars for military and official purposes, has created no machinery for acquiring these cars at a fair price, giving some measure of compensation to the individual.

Dealers with capital and storage space are buying cars in at £5 to £10 and selling them to the Government at from £20 to £30.

The Ministry of Supply set up central collection stations for field-glasses at the beginning of the war and offered to pay a fair secondhand price after inspection. Thousands were received and everybody was satisfied. What was done with field-glasses could be done with these unwanted cars.

It might be worth while to hold on to your car in the hope of getting a better price by direct selling when the public outcry causes the Government to create such an organisation.

If you are optimistic enough to believe in a short term for this war, it is equally worth while to store your car. It will be worth seven to ten times what dealers are offering to-day, because few cars are being built and the cost of everything will be higher.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

RATIONED BUT NOT RATIONAL

You've been a bit of a wangler ever since I knew you, Mrs. 'Iggins

THANK you; I thank you! . . . Where to, lady? . . . Why bless me soul, if it ain't Mrs. 'Iggins! 'Aven't seen you not since the war started. I thought you wos in the country wiv the nippers. 'Ow've you been keeping all this time?

So you got sick of evacuation, eh, an' brought the kids back wiv yer? . . . Well, there's thasands like you. I don't exactly blame you, but personally I'd 'ave stuck it if I'd been in your place.

And you *'ave* been warned, as the copper said to 'is Missus when 'e fahnd 'er going through 'is trahsers' pockets!

The Government keeps on warning all you people. Wot's more, it keeps on sending the pore perishing civil servants aht of London into the country, and they don't want to go there no more than you do. Only difference is they 'ave to do wot they're told.

You don't think much of the Government, don't you? You think it's a lot of rot all this evacuation, an' the fuss with the black-aht, an' carrying gas masks, an' this 'ere new food rationing? . . .

Well, well, if ole man Chamberlain was a telephone girl instead of being Premier, I know wot 'e'd say to you: 'e'd say, "Sorry you've been trroubled, but there 'appens to be a war on, see!"

When you wos living two doors up from us just before the war, my Missus said to me, "There's some people like that Mrs. 'Iggins, not to name no names, as 'aven't got no public spirit!"

That was when you made such a rah abaht your ole man joining up as an air raid warden *wivaht* pay, and when you told my Missus you certainly wasn't going to chip in wiv us to buy one of them pumps for incendiary bombs! But you wos very patriotic abaht stocking up the ole larder, or so my Missus told me!

All right; all right! . . . You wos quite within your rights in them days. Nah it's different. Anybody wot tries to get more than 'er proper share of butter an' sugar an' such like is 'oarding. Looks like a pahnd of butter you've got in the ole string bag?

It is, eh? You 'appen to know a certain dairy wot 'ad a little to spare on the quiet! Well, I 'ope it turns rancid on you. I do, honest!

No good getting 'ot and bothered wiv me, Mrs. 'Iggins, for I always speak my mind. . . . You've been a bit of a wangler ever since I knew you. "Number One first" is your motto and always 'as been.

Wot's that you say, "Quarter of a pahnd of butter is ridiculous, and there ain't no need to ration sugar and meat at all as far as you can see?" But 'ow far *can* you see, if it comes to that? Right or wrong, don't you know wot the idea of rationing is? It's to make sure everybody gets a fair share of wot's going.

And if you want more than a fair share, you're just plain greedy, see? . . . You're getting off 'ere, are you?

Well, there's one thing abaht it, you never got off wiv me! Nor never wanted to, eh? Very likely, but if you 'ad, you'd 'ave been unlucky.

I never 'ad much use for anybody 'oo wasn't a good sport.

Something for You

NEXT week JOHN BULL will announce a unique Presentation, demonstrating yet again how JOHN BULL spares no effort to give readers something in which they are interested.

Don't miss this new JOHN BULL Presentation. It will fascinate, thrill and enlighten.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—It is your duty to preserve law and order.

It is your duty to tell the people why such astonishing "precautions" were taken when Miss Unity Mitford arrived in Britain.

Folkestone quay was barred to the public, even to those with regular permits.

A sentry with fixed bayonet was posted on a public highway.

Other troops were held in readiness.

Field Security Police marched up and down.

The ordinary police force was trebled, and detectives hid behind cases.

People who had gone to meet friends returning from abroad were told they must meet the train at Victoria. All public traffic between the harbour station and the central station was stopped for the day.

Not because the King was due to arrive. Not because the Cabinet and the commanders-in-chief of the Services were all expected in the town, but because a sick girl, who won notoriety for her silliness, was being brought home.

Only officialdom and her relatives knew she was due. There could be no risk of any public demonstration.

Why, then, the extravagant show of force?

It is said that Sir Arthur Jelf, head of the Field Security Police, made arrangements. Yet he must have had permission from a higher authority.

Was it the War Office?

Were you consulted?

Greatest of These . .

THE clergyman of the parish speaks most highly of Mr. and Mrs. Swaddle, two people who seem to be marked out by fate for the worst possible blows. Mr. Swaddle, an ex-Serviceman, has not been able to find regular employment for twelve years

She has been an invalid for four months

Within eleven months three of his children have died of pneumonia.

Is it any wonder that he and his wife have been distracted for the last four months because another of their remaining three children, sweet, fair-haired little Doris, has been on and off the hospital danger list, a victim of pneumonia, scarlet fever and ear trouble?

Now that she is convalescent, you can imagine how frantic are these parents about not being able to provide the child with nourishment.

Yet what can they do on their unemployment allowance? They are desperately in need of help.

Donations earmarked "Pneumonia" or to the General Fund should be addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. 6d. from "Somerset"; 5s. Anon. (Hemsworth); 10s. Anon. (Wirral); 2s. 6d. L. C. (S.E.17); 5s. "Sympathiser"; 2s. 6d. XYZ; 2s. 6d. W R. W. (Weybridge).

FIELD-MARSHAL GOERING

SIR,—You are supposed to have said in private that the German people would withstand hunger, not bombardment.

All the more reason why you should hesitate before carrying out your threat that when Hitler gives the word your Air Force "will strike at Britain with such an onslaught as has never before been known in history."

For we shall hit back.

Although our blows will not be directed against unprotected civilians, I doubt whether they will arouse German enthusiasm for the conflict into which they have been dragged by your power-crazed master.

Maybe your threat was intended only as propaganda. Your friends are spreading curious stories in neutral countries that you will not risk the suicide of the Nazi Air Force except by written order of the Fuehrer, and that you would command the leading squadron yourself.

Unlikely that he would spare you, having just increased your power by giving you charge of war economy.

You must know that in aerial warfare Britain is already giving as much as she gets—and a bit more.—JOHN BULL.

"Your friends are spreading rumours that you will not risk the suicide of the German Air Force, except by written order of the Fuehrer . . ."

Minister for National Security, you must explain why this incredible insult was offered to a nation that has never needed the threat of bayonets to persuade it to keep calm.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. DORA LAIRD,
Fernie Street, Glasgow

DEAR MADAM,—In my view, the sentence on your husband was too severe. Penniless, disheartened by eight years' worklessness, he walked into a shop and demanded the 22s. in the till.

You made him take it back, yet he has gone to hard labour for six months for this first offence.

I can well believe, as you told my representative, that you are heartbroken. I do not marvel that a Scottish police judge has expressed his sympathy.

My own indignation is not lessened by the contrast of a workman who signed a pay-book in another employee's name, stole his wages of £8 16s., and escaped with a fine of £20 or two months' imprisonment.—JOHN BULL.

Earl of DERBY,
Derby House, London, W.

MY LORD,—In the last war you gave us the Derby Scheme for recruiting.

This time you give us an excellent proposal for a youth labour service on a voluntary enlistment basis.

The word "voluntary" deserves stressing. We do not want a semi-military organisation on the lines of foreign youth movements.

Useful occupation, combined with education and reasonable discipline, would be a boon to youths of all classes who cannot obtain employment because they are nearing military age.

Certainly the Government should give prompt attention to your suggestion.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. J. O'DONOVAN,
Harley Street

DEAR DOCTOR,—I hope the Minister of Food will heed your warning that, because poor people increase the value of low-quality food with sugar, any cutting-down of their sugar supplies would cause a semi-starvation for a time.

There should be extra rations for youngsters.

We can't buy normal amounts from abroad since the money is needed for war purposes, but the Minister of Food told us last September that he had bought a year's sugar supplies in addition to the home supply of beet sugar.

Why should he subject growing children to an artificial shortage?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—A reader who has been in charge of three hundred men for ten years, is an expert organiser and costs accountant, volunteered for National Service a year ago without success.

Now he's faced with unemployment. Yet he would accept £4 a week to keep his home going.

His case is typical of many brought to my notice.

Your scheme to enrol war-hit professional men must make quick progress to atone for its belated start.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P.,
Select Committee on War Expenditure

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—While acting as the public's chief watchdog on war profits, will you not drop a hint to the Cabinet about a ramp that is indirectly increasing the cost of war contracts?

There is heavy gambling in tin, copper, cotton and other essential commodities. Prices are forced up, and in the end the public pays.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Leader of the L.C.C.

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Was it wise to send mental and physical defectives from the London area to a camp on the East Coast?

They are terrified when aeroplanes are sighted, and even though living conditions at the camp have improved, the teachers-in-charge are still dissatisfied.

I depend on you to give personal attention to the question of choosing a safer and more comfortable home for the pathetic youngsters.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILFRED CRAIG,
Uxbridge Police Court

DEAR SIR,—Despite my horror at the jailing of young people, I think you were right in sending a seventeen-year-old mother and her husband to a month's imprisonment.

No one can refute your description of them as utterly cruel after reading how their young babies were so badly neglected that they were found virtually unclothed, alone, and crying with cold.

The only redeeming feature of this horrible case is that the infants will in future be cared for by other people.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. T. A. DOBSON,
Whitehall's Fisheries Chief

DEAR SIR,—Meat rationing will increase the demand for fish. Are we landing enough fish?

Trawlermen complain to me that they are idle for weeks, drawing the "dole" instead of enriching Britain. Many of their vessels are without guns and gunners. You should prod the Admiralty about that.—JOHN BULL.

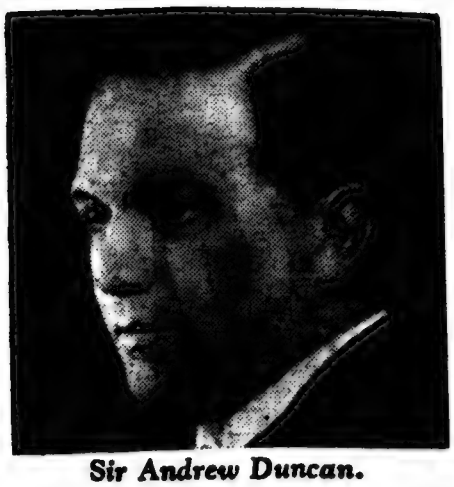
The DIRECTORS,
Railway Companies

GENTLEMEN,—There's a mistake somewhere. The war was not started for your benefit.

Preposterous that "Tommies" were charged 3s. a head for a breakfast of bacon and eggs on a special leave-train. Other soldiers on leave paid 1s. 3d. for a bottle of beer.

Time you adjusted prices to meet the public's purse, not your own pockets.—JOHN BULL.

Neville Orders a Double Scotch



Sir Andrew Duncan.

YOU'VE got to hand it to these Scots.

They descend on London in a roll of r's—and usually with only the price of a textbook in their pocket—and, before you can say Jock Robinson, they are sitting at big desks in panelled offices saying "No!" to us Sassenachs.

Look at the two newcomers to the Government—Sir John Reith and Sir Andrew Duncan.

Both are self-made Scotsmen. Both have been chosen from outside the Commons. Both are men who, right or wrong, will get their own way.

Each looks and behaves, as if he won Bannockburn all by himself. . . .

★

We are faced, because of Reith's appointment as Minister of Information, with another row.

In the Battle Over News—Brass Hats v. Fleet Street—victory will go to the side which Sir John takes. For he always wins.

His appointment, astonishing to most people, did not surprise me. I thought he was the man to whom Neville would turn.

HANNEN SWAFFER on the two new Ministers

It is a job for a journalist. Instead, it has gone to a man who has no use for news.

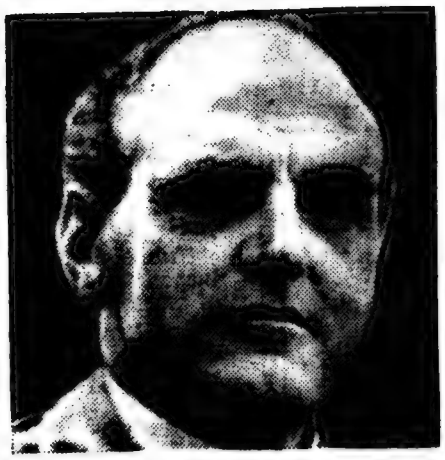
His lack of interest in such a petty thing extended to his own news bulletins—which is probably why they were so bad while he was at Broadcasting House.

"I never read the news," he once said.

"Talks," too, left him cold. Rebuked for one on Spain, he said: "I didn't even know we'd given such a talk."

So now they've made him Minister of Information!

An Aberdonian, born in a manse, son of a United Free Moderator, he went to Scotland's best school, and there developed such a reverence for a university education that his B.B.C. appointments soon gave half Britain a university accent, and nearly killed our local accents.



Sir John Reith.

He learnt the Bible almost entirely off by heart. That is one reason why we still have to-day a B.B.C. Sunday.

He became one of the foremost experts on Scottish metrical psalms and Church music generally. This may explain why Bach was dinned into bewildered ears.

But, keen on books and with too much opinion of professors, he became one of the cleverest engineering students who ever went through the Glasgow shops.

So it was that, when war came in 1914, he joined the Royal Engineers.

So it was that, when wounded and given a permanent scar on his face, a brilliant engineer joined the Ministry of Munitions, went to the States on war contracts, and then, coming home, helped to supervise coastal defence and build the mystery anti-submarine towers at Shoreham.

When, after the war, the lanky Aberdonian had been general manager of Beardmore's for two years, broadcasting was born.

Soon, the General Electric Company opened "2LO" in a smallish room on a second floor in Aldwych.

Reith applied for the advertised job of manager. It happened that he had been to the same school as the man with the job to give away. He got it!

★

Soon he was rowing with "Jix," then P.M.G., over the money received for licences, and was getting, first half of each 10s., and then 7s. 6d.

With this he built twelve radio stations in various parts of the country—in one year!

Then, his job done—yes, and, well done—Reith left. He shook hands nervously with the man at the door, said, "I'll be back one day, to say goodbye," and rushed down the street as if he were being followed.

The Government had wanted a man to run Civil Aviation—and Reith was obviously the man.

He started doing a good job. He wiped some of the rust off. Then the war started—and Civil Aviation was no more.

Now, at the age of 50, he will no doubt organise the Ministry of Information.

But it has got too much organisation already. It wants NEWS—and Reith doesn't like news.

He possesses, in his own way, qualities almost amounting to genius. He is a good man. He has ideals.

There are several jobs into which, with advantage to the Government, he could be put.

But, unless I am gravely in error, the Ministry of Information is not the one. I hope I am wrong. . . .

• • •

Sir Andrew Rae Duncan, another Scot, goes to the Board of Trade with the advantage that Oliver Stanley, who preceded him, was by no means a success.

Stanley couldn't make up his mind. Duncan knows his. . . .

He is one of those typical Scots who start life with a ball of string and a penknife, and finish up as object-lessons on "How to Succeed."

He could not have found it easy to buy that knife and string, for, when he was born, 55 years ago, it was into an ordinary Clydeside artisan's family.

Full of ambition, he told the boys with whom he played in the street that, one day, he was going to be a school-teacher. No, nothing could stop that!

His pals had never heard such colossal vanity, and said so.

But before long, he was winning scholarships. Finally, he went to the university. Then they began to wonder.

★

Now, if his life-story had gone on as it would have done in a novel, his early talks on "How to Succeed" would have ended when he took up a small teaching job in a Scottish school. It didn't.

For his university training had given him other ambitions. He soon wanted to be a lawyer.

Even when he got a job in a solicitor's office, his ambitions grew. Immersed, there, in shipbuilding and labour questions, he decided, even after he had qualified for the Law, that Business was his real bent.

He went into shipbuilding.

Shipbuilding gave him a fair knowledge of coal, and so, in 1919, they made him Coal Controller, and a very good Coal Controller at that.

Back he went to shipbuilding—to become, for seven years, vice-president of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation.

And then, just as another youngish Scot, John Reith, was visualising the future of wireless broadcasting, Andrew Duncan saw a future in something not so completely lacking in wires.

Despite leaders of the electrical industry who said "It can't be done," he sprawled everywhere the hideous Grid.

The Government wanted a man to reorganise the whole of the iron and steel industry, then in a state of chaos. He took it on.

This time, it was most of the obstinate bosses of steel and iron who said "It can't be done." But the man who had said, as a boy, that nothing could stop him from being a teacher succeeded in what, by then, seemed to him an easier task.

Well, the Government, so far, has given Sir Andrew four big jobs, in all, not counting the posts he has already held during this war.

Nearly always, in big jobs and small ones, he has succeeded.

In the first week of the present conflict he was the Ministry of Supply's iron and steel controller. Next, he became chairman of the committee that controlled the council of supply at the Ministry of Munitions.

Well, now he is President of the Board of Trade. I prophesy for him added kudos.

Argue it out *by Pallas*

Another Shot at Life

TO all of us at times comes a vague restlessness, an urge to be other than what we are, to be in some place where we are not.

It is part of the heritage of man, a throw-back to the days when he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, constantly seeking hunting-grounds and pastures new.

To all of us come dreams, not those confused and unexplainable workings of the sub-conscious mind, but dreams that are part of our working life.

Of all daydreams, none comes more constantly than that of beginning life anew in a strange town.

I have often wondered why so many of us have this dream.

Are we dissatisfied with ourselves; do we think we could do better than we have done; have we lost something which, given another chance, we might find?

Men in assured positions, men whose lives are settled in a comfortable mould, sometimes wonder what they would achieve if, without the lever of their name and their position, they were to go to another town or city and have a second fling at life.

They dream about such a plan, wonder about it—and stay at home.

The old comfortable mould has them safely imprisoned. No dream will stir them out of their ruts.

MOST of us are the same.

We dare not tackle the unknown.

There is a smallness about us, the limitations imposed by a steady job, enough to eat, one or two little luxuries, a home, a garden.

They're good things these. They keep men sensible, and alive to responsibility.

We are the backbone of the nation.

We pay our taxes and our rates, try to pay our bills on time, put a little bit away for a rainy day—if we can.

The wanderer, the roamer, the man without a home made Britain.

He followed his dreams, followed them to the ends of the earth, through drought and flood, through fire and forest, always in him the urge to see new things, to conquer new worlds.

HE never came to the rainbow's end.

For him the rainbow stretched its coloured ribbon across the sky, ever leading him on, ever beckoning, ever promising him the fulfilment of his dreams

His dreams were more real than his life. They were his life. Yet through them, because of them, he achieved great things. He bridged rivers and built roads. He brought peace and industry in his train. He brought the law and law-giving.

Life couldn't go on if we were all like him.

Someone must stay at home, jogging along day after day in the old settled style, seeing that the nation's chores are done.

Even as we do our chores, making things and carrying things, buying and selling things, the dreams linger in our minds.

They warm us, keep us young, tell us that we're not such bad fellows and that there's no knowing what we might not do if we had another shot at something, somewhere, some time.

But not now.

Not here, and not at this job.

That's why we're in the old comfortable (perhaps) mould.

John Bull's Padre proves to you that

Miracles Do Happen

by the Rev. Pat McCormick,

famed radio pastor and vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

AN Irish priest, asked to define a miracle, told a parishioner to turn round and bend down. He then kicked the man in the pants as hard as he could.

"Did you feel that?" he asked the astonished victim, who was rubbing his trousers ruefully.

"Begorrah, I did."

"Well, if you hadn't that would have been a miracle," he was told.

I mention this story because so many people expect miracles to help them out of hard work, just as others think they can live on their luck.

But this does not mean that miracles can't happen.

A friend of mine thought he had seen a miracle when he found a priest in China making money by sitting on a couch composed of three-inch spikes.

Then he was disillusioned.

He was told that the priest had leprosy, and part of him was atrophied, so that he felt no pain.

When asked whether miracles happen, Thomas Huxley said: "You may say that miracles are improbable, but no one can say they are impossible. Unless you know all the laws of the universe, you cannot say miracles are impossible."

That's worth remembering.

Sometimes it is easy to think natural things are miracles.

If we had seen a motor-car or an aeroplane, or heard somebody talking to us from New York fifty years ago, we should have started talking of miracles.

Now we know they are the outcome of developing scientific laws.

Things that were once considered miracles have become ordinary happenings.

This will go on.

Look what can be done by the power of mind over matter.

Travellers in the East describe such things as men being buried alive and suspended animation. They are not all inventions.

There can be little doubt that Jesus Christ accomplished amazing things by sheer goodness and power.

Yet He always tried to hush them up, and did not expect people to believe in Him because He had these powers.

He told those He healed not to tell others.

He knew that mere belief in His power did not make men any better. He did it because of His pity.

He wanted men to follow him so that they might become new men.

He knew that short cuts and magic were useless in saving men's souls. We love short cuts.

How nice to say "Abracadabra" and get anything we want without any other effort.

We are inclined to use prayer in that way. We expect God to work a miracle, saying: "God must give me what I want."

Religion says: "O God, help me to do what you want."

When we pray in that way miracles happen, the miracle of being a changed man.

That miracle happens every day.

The changing of a self-centred, evil-minded man into a new man, putting God first and receiving God's power to live a fine life, is always happening.

No man is too bad for God to change.

We must not, then, expect God to work miracles to save us trouble.

If we try to do what He wants, God will perform miracles through us.

There is no power greater than God's power.

The more we let that power control our minds and bodies, the more we can expect to find that "miracles" cannot only actually happen, but also are possible for everyone.

Our human lives are never merely human. They are in touch with the Mind and Spirit that is behind the whole universe.

The more the human race becomes one with that Spirit, the more possible "miracles" become. The New Testament shows the truth of that.

Give the whole matter a thought, and see whether a good deal of popular religion is not really a hankering after magic rather than a genuine search for religion, which enables God's power to break through men and women, into their surroundings.

"My friend thought he had seen a miracle when he saw a man sitting on a couch composed of three-inch spikes"

WOMEN *in the* FRONT LINE?

Truth About the 1940 Amazons

FOR the stay-at-home the fighting in Finland makes up for all that is lost in movement and adventure by the sit-down war on the Western Front.

Yet troops on skis, the unbroken darkness, the terrible fate of a soldier who drops out of the column to become a victim of wolves and wild dogs, have not been half so tantalising to the world as the news that women's "undies" were found in kit-bags captured by the Finns when the Russians retreated.

Women in the Front Line; women in bombers. It seemed that we were returning to the past again in warfare, creating Amazons for the 20th century.

Women do tremendous work in modern warfare. But the less spectacular, the more effective it is.

That is why, with more than a million women in uniform Behind the Lines in non-combatant auxiliary defence services and in overalls at the munition factories, there are no British Amazons, no front line fighting women.

Nearest approach to that species in this country is the women's section of the Air Transport Auxiliary, inaugurated a few days ago by the Air Ministry and led by Pauline Gower, twenty-seven-year-old daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P.

These pilots, each with at least 200 flying hours to her credit, fly new R.A.F. training aircraft from the factories where they are made to Air Force depots.

A few other pilots are doing air ambulance work, piloting wounded home from the Maginot Line to hospitals in this country.

They do not fight.

There are no fighting women in the British Navy or Army.

Amazons make exciting reading and good propaganda.

Joe Stalin knows this.

His propaganda machine, the Moscow Radio, sent Red Amazons to defy Frozen Hell on the Finnish Front in 50 degrees of frost, but the Finns have yet to take a woman prisoner.

More than half a million Soviet women were supposed to have received full military training.

With seven million "surplus" women in Russia, Stalin had to do something to rally the feminist front!

Marshal Voroshiloff, Commander-in-Chief, then said that all regiments composed of women should be abandoned.

They were of little military value in war, having only a spectacular value for parade purposes.

Women's place was at home, rearing children, darning socks, preparing meals.

And the life led by some women officers made them unworthy of donning Russian uniform.

Fighting senoritas did well in the Spanish War. No one would belittle their heroism under their fiery leader *La Pasionaria*. They won world sympathy by showing that Republican Spain would fight to the last woman.

Yet from a military point of view neither Miaja nor Franco would have exchanged a male regiment for them.

Same in China.

Fifty thousand women have forsaken silk and satin for the coarse cotton army uniform, and become handy with rifles, grenades and daggers.

Yet observers say China's women are doing their best work behind the Japanese lines as espionage agents.

Turkey has her Amazons in the Army and in the Air Force.

She was the first country to turn women into soldiers after the last war.

It was part of Mustapha Kemel's revolutionary campaign to abolish the veil and let women out of the harems.

The value of fighting women is discounted in Britain, France, Germany and Italy.

There are no French women even in uniform, except the Red Cross nurses.

The Services have no women auxiliaries such as our own.

Yet women are doing men's jobs.

Half a million are engaged in the defence industry. In some factories one in every three munition workers is a woman.

But not in uniform.

Madame La France does not take to "the trousers."

Fraulein has reached only the Labour Camps in Germany, and is still a long, long way from the Siegfried Line.

Mussolini is still insistent that women's place is in the home.

Valiant Finns need have no fear because Amazons' "undies" have made their appearance on the battlefront!

Despite our women's auxiliary services, British experts discount the value of fighting Amazons. The Allies will have no front-line women

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

Aspirins for the Kremlin

JOE STALIN is reported to be worried, and I know why.

If the Red Army suffers any more "glorious victories" in Finland, he's going to be faced with a serious shortage of raw material for his next army "purge."

Also, Joe is wanting 200,000 Germans to gather his hot-chestnut crop.

Take the whole darn 80,000,000, Joe. Suits us.

Better leave Goebbels, though. The office cat will want him.

There is a Happy Land

Seven thousand Eskimos in the extreme north of Canada, it is stated, know nothing at all about the war.

At least their ignorance costs them nothing. To achieve the same result, we spend many thousands yearly on a Ministry of Information.

I'm Ready

So the Government is thinking of collecting all the nation's old bottles in order to turn them into something to do something to win something or something.

How many for a barrage balloon, mister?

Mrs. Blight Says

And when I told Mrs. Blight that the said Government also wanted all the old bones they could get, she said why tell her?

Her husband, she said, was over military age.

Sez 'Enery

"What's yours?" I asked 'Enery.

"Dubmil" was the answer.

His thickness of speech drew my attention to his boiled eye. Obviously he had been making up for time lost on the water waggon.

"Didn't quite catch what you said," I told him.

"I shed er double milk."

"Afraid you won't get it here."

"Then I'll 'aver pin' collivol'."

"Er—did you say a pint of cod-liver oil?"

"'Coursh I did! Wodyer shink I shay?"

A light dawned on me. "So you've been reading the medical advice on what to eat and drink to combat the black-out?"

"Thash ri'. My trouble's ni' bli'ness."

"Night blindness, eh? Sorry, old man, but the barmaid says they're short of cod-liver oil."

"Wot shorter rotten 'ospital ish thish?" he demanded. "Dishgraceful!" And, balancing himself with care, he made a dignified exit.

But an hour later, when I called at a post office, 'Enery was demanding "lettish."

"He keeps asking for letters," the girl behind the counter announced, "but won't say who for."

"It's lettuce he wants," I explained, "not letters. The poor chap's suffering from a deficiency of vitamin A and needs green vegetables."

The lady sniffed. I led 'Enery into Covent Garden and shouted him a double cabbage.

Absent-Minded Beggars

Choosing to forget the fate awaiting Nazi warships that venture upon the high seas, the German Admiralty is "inviting" contributions to a special fund for building a battleship to replace the Graf Spee.

When you've loudly yelled "Heil Hitler!" and have cheered kind Uncle Joe,
And have finished straffing Britain, you may be
Inclined your ersatz Frankfurt for a fortnight to forego,
To help to send a battleship to sea.

Though you'll probably feel hungry and the ship may never sail,
It is likely the Gestapo will remind you,
With the help of rubber truncheons, if to give some marks you fail,
And they'll leave a lot of painful marks behind you!

Funkheim, Bunkheim, citizens one and all,
The cost of a pocket-battleship from your pockets must you defray;
A scuttling blitzkrieg will soon be launched, so answer your Fuehrer's call,
Your cash he needs for his "Sinking" Fund—so pay, pay, PAY!

Little Dialogue

"If you could choose only one thing, what would you like to read best in wartime?"

"'Here lies Adolph Hitler.'"

And a Little Thought

There's a silver lining to every cloud. Don't forget Adolf might have been quads. . . .

They Do Say

If you ask me, a large pinch of salt is wanted for the following yarn which comes from Berlin.

Girl Friend was just going to hand over her jewels to Hitler for his Winter Relief Racket when Boy Friend nudged her all hearty.

"Don't do it, sis!" he is reported as saying. "Cast not your pearls . . ."

Holding the Fort

It is announced that another 60,000 Civil Servants are to be evacuated from London to the provinces.

He stood on the kerb in Whitehall,
The straws in his hair were three,
And this lonely wight I heard recite
In a singular minor key:

"I'm the Permanent Sec-ret-ary
Of the Ministry of Hot Air,
Comptroller-in-Chief, and the night relief,
And the haughty commissionaire!

"I am also head of the Red Tape Branch,
And O.C. Income Tax,
The typist sweet, and the staff complete
Of the Office of Sealing-Wax!"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" I said to him,
"For I'm jiggered if I can see
How you possibly can, as a single man,
These various persons be!"

"But I am! I tell you, I am! The rest
Have all of them fled," he cried.
"Some went down to a south coast town
And some to the countryside.

"Now the final sixty thousand's gone,
It is obvious that I am
The Deputy Boss of Profit and Loss,
And Controller of Beef and Ham.

"In all of Whitehall there is but now
A solit'ry bureaucrat—
And I'd have you know that I run the show
With the aid of the office cat!"

OLD BILL AND SON

by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, son, we was eighteen months just where you're standin'. Then come the big push and we got to 'ere."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

News from the Frontier

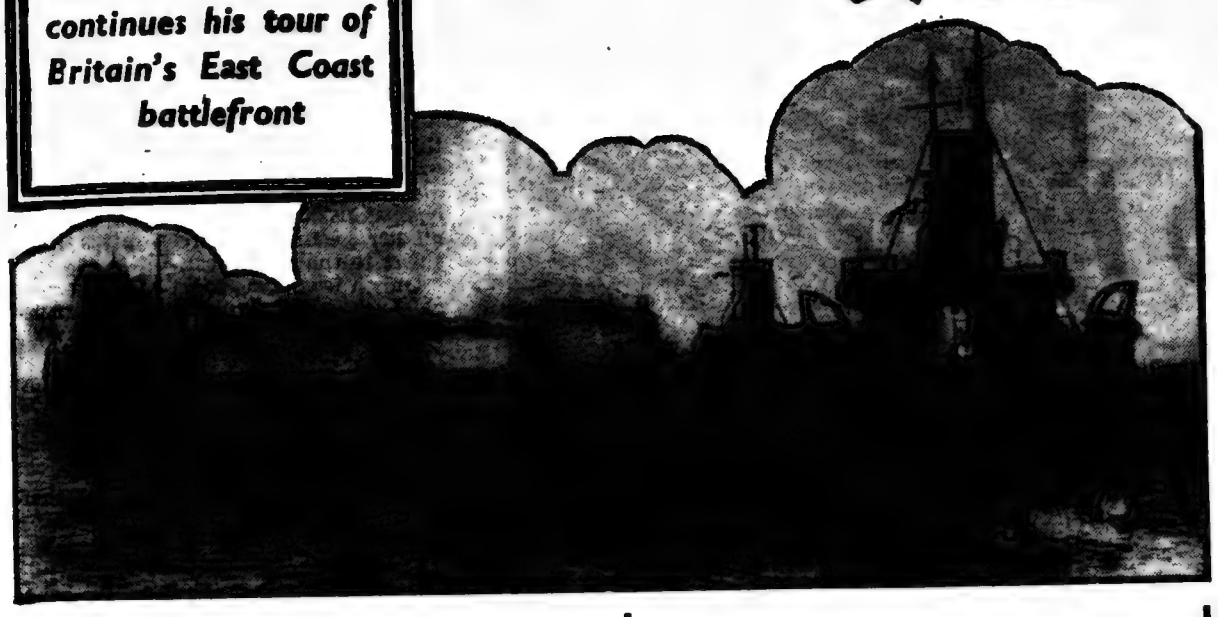
★

MAURICE FAGENCE

continues his tour of Britain's East Coast battlefront

Accepting U-boats and Nazi mines as merely a part of the hazards of a seafaring life, these heroes are still

BRINGING HOME the BACON



I WRITE from an East Coast port in which you dare not ask "When is the war really going to begin?"

You might be heard by some of the women in black from the fishermen's cottages down by the quay, women from whom the war has taken everything.

Such a question would not even be greeted cordially in the hotel lounge.

Five months ago the town was the resort of happy children with buckets and spades and sea-side rock. In the meantime this lounge has been filled with shipwrecked crews far too frequently for the local people to wonder when the "war will get going."

The manager's wife has never left her bed since, a few hours after she had heard a terrific explosion from the sea, somebody came running to her with the story of what happened in that dreadful second when her ornaments rocked.

Some of the boys on board the ship concerned had been in the night before.

"Thank God we did our poor best for them," she said.

THE hall-porter, torpedoed twice in the last war, has several times lately gone down to the front in the grey early morning to help the wounded ashore.

In the little spittoon-and-sawdust bar at the back of the hotel, sailors just in from the terror of it all play darts, putting pennies in a box to provide dart-boards for the lads in France whenever they lose.

I threw a dart with a few of them.

They had brought your food through the minefields of the North Sea, shaking off a U-boat on the way.

They wore cloth caps, all awry. They were unshaven. Their hands were cracked and blistered. But they beat me unceremoniously.

Drinks all round?

"No, put it in the box, guv'nor," they said. "We can get our game of darts, sometimes. Them lads in France can't."

Every night it is the same in "The Mariners' Arms." You might have searched some big town in stricken Spain two years ago and found less sign of war.

But there is special excitement.

A convoy is leaving to-morrow.

A naval official is going to have a talk upstairs, and perhaps something more warming with the skippers.

Eight of them have arrived already.

They sit over a preliminary whisky. A notice over their heads warns that the port is full of neutrals and that there is special reason why secrets shouldn't be discussed openly.

Shepherded by naval craft, the ships of the convoy move off in their approved formation. They must not lag in their dash across the ocean with food

These skippers know little about to-morrow's job.

They won't receive their sealed orders until they have sailed to take up their convoy positions.

Even if they did—well, I challenge Germany's best spy to get one useful word from these men.

There is no boasting about their exploits.

If these sailors were left to describe their experiences, no epic of the sea would ever be written.

It's when skipper "A" talks of skipper "B" that the truth comes out.

There was a stoutish, white-haired little man whose uniform looked as though it had passed through the cogs of some oily machinery.

He had always been over-optimistic about the rusty little tub of which he is in command. So many sailors are!

When they were making up a convoy a few weeks ago and asked him what speed he could do, he said "Fifteen knots."

They couldn't believe their ears. They asked him again.

With the vanity of the 8-horse-power motorist who believes he can get 80 out of his 'bus, he shouted back, "FIFTEEN KNOTS, I SAID. DON'T YOU BLANKETY WELL BELIEVE ME?"

They didn't, but they put him in a twelve-knot convoy.

FIFTEEN knots?

He couldn't do a steady ten. They blasphemed him by flag, lamp and semaphore arm, but he just couldn't make it.

A hundred thousand tons of food for British stomachs was crawling with undue slowness across the ocean because he had too much faith in his ship.

Naval ships hung back to give him a virtual kick in the pants. He all but burst his boilers to prove that he could do his fifteen knots.

It was no use.

So they found a nice big bank of mist for him, parked him inside it, told him to keep sailing from one end of it to the other until help reached him from the coast, and then steamed away. Their final warning was that he wasn't to peep out of that bank of mist at any cost because there were U-boats about.

All that day and the next night he circled round like a wooden horse on a fairground, stealing a surreptitious peep out of the fog-bank now and then.

No help arrived, so he decided to make a run for it.

And run for it he did, sinking mines all round him as he went!

The dumpy little skipper, the only one drinking rum, recently had to give the order to take to the boats.

"HOW long did it take you?" asks another. I'm anxious because I couldn't depend on putting out more than one boat, and I can't do that with less than four men. What's more, I've never got them to do it under about half an hour."

"Four men?" says the skipper. "All you've got to bother about is whether the explosion will leave you with the four men you need."

The whole operation of taking to the boats was described for my benefit.

Although the stern may be blown away, the business is as methodical as a job of book-keeping.

The men hurry to their stations.

Unless it is certain beyond any doubt that the ship is plunging to her doom, the skipper orders "Chips" to "Sound the Wells."

The carpenter moves round slipping a long rod into holes in the deck.

In the same way as a motorist finds out the oil level by using a dip-stick, he discovers how much water there is in each compartment.

He shouts the readings up to the bridge.

They may be sufficient for the skipper to decide to what an extent the vessel is shipping water, and whether he can hope to save her.

No British ship leaves port nowadays without its boats already swung out into launching position and lashed to the sides to obviate swing.

The men will swarm into them as calmly as though they were doing it on some summer day in peace time with cruise passengers aboard.

Their one thought is to obey the skipper.

His concern is their safety.

He must be the last to leave the ship. No printed text tells him. It is part of his conscience. He has known that he should do so from the day he decided to go to sea.

MY skippers went to sea next day.

I went down to the front to see whether I could see them meeting destroyers at the rendezvous, the rendezvous they would know nothing about until they sailed.

But the meeting-place was too far away.

I saw their expanse of smoke dwindle down to a pin-point and disappear on the horizon.

Some miles away I saw another convoy assembling.

The Red Ensign fluttered to the mainmast of one of the smallest of the merchantmen.

The skipper of that ship had been chosen by his fellow captains as commodore of the convoy.

Perhaps he was another skipper wearing a uniform that looked as though it had just been fed through some oily machine.

Anyhow, he had to be obeyed.

Smoke arose . . . grew denser. I saw them move away. One appeared to lag. Was another lame duck going to cause trouble? Had another skipper shown himself over-optimistic?

A naval ship hung back to give him that added kick. From then on he kept pace.

Teacups were rattling in British homes.

How many people were grumbling because there wasn't butter and to spare?

I hope they are not asking when the war is really going to begin.

Every scrap of food you obtain beyond your ration is a little triumph for Hitler

THIS country is facing boldly and with the conviction that comes of right the many problems which war has brought.

The greatest of these problems is to maintain from distant parts of the world an even flow of food so that soldier and worker may tackle the job ahead with energy and unremitting vigour.

Hundreds of thousands of men day and night are facing the perils of torpedoes and mines at sea to ensure that you shall not go hungry

Their bravery makes all the more despicable the attitude of the few at home who are ready to make profit out of the nation's troubles—the thieves and racketeers who see in rationing a quick way to easy money.

In the past few weeks, lorry loads of meat, poultry and other provisions have been stolen. Butter supplies have been lifted from wholesale warehouses.

Behind those robberies must be an organisation to dispose of the food.

It is suggested that any number of well-to-do people are ready to pay exorbitant prices for extra supplies of bacon, butter and sugar, without enquiring too closely into the source of the supply.

That suggestion is a libel on the rich.

They are doing their bit to win the war. They are paying heavily to the Exchequer—despite, in many cases, decreased incomes.

NOR are they reluctant to fall into line so far as the conservation of food supplies is concerned.

One wealthy man, unknown to his family, recently put the whole of his household on margarine instead of butter.

Neither his wife nor his daughters have noticed the changeover.

In de luxe hotels and restaurants, margarine is also being served. Those who lunch and dine there think they are eating butter.

The fact is that butter is not essential to our lives.

An eminent man broadcasting the other day declared that the nation was better off without butter, and experts believe that the slight restrictions which rationing will place on our meals will raise the standard of physical fitness of the nation.

But those points don't really matter when we tackle the graver scandal of the food bandit and the food racketeer.

That such people could exploit the nation at a time when its very existence is at stake is not only a distressing commentary on the greed of man; it is a direct challenge to authority and one which must be met with the full force of the law.

These vultures hope to exploit both the poor and the rich. They plan, for instance, to make the little streets their hunting ground.

In this country, alas! are many thousands of families to whom butter is, and always has been, a luxury beyond their pocket. From these poor people the racketeers, through their touts, plan to buy ration tickets at a small figure.

These sacks of flour were brought to Britain by seamen who risked their lives for the sake of your bread. The bravery of these men who secure our food supplies must not be set at naught by the few racketeers

No Mercy for the FOOD BANDIT!

In turn, they propose to resell the tickets at a vastly inflated price to people rich enough to buy butter and bacon without considering the cost.

Should this plan fail—and it may do so because whole ration books and not detached tickets must be handed to shopkeepers — the racketeers will probably organise a scheme whereby poor families will obtain butter and resell it to touts who will call each week.

THE families will be allowed a small profit on each transaction.

Thus the despicable creatures, ready to traffic in supplies which have cost us dear in human life and in precious shipping, hope to build up a regular business with two sets of clients —one set from whom they will buy unwanted butter, and another to whom they will sell.

There may be some excuse for the poor woman who disposes of butter for the sake of an extra copper or two.

There can be none for the man or woman who, because of money, buys such butter.

Each pound of butter, each rasher of bacon you obtain, no matter how or where, above the amount allowed by the State is a little triumph for Hitler and his gang.

Each extra bit of foodstuff bought "on the side" throws more work on our already overburdened mercantile fleet and Navy.

The country cannot tolerate such conduct.

Every man and woman tempted to get a "little bit more" must remember the reason for this war, must remember the greatness of the cause for which we are fighting.

Every bit of food saved is a blow at Hitlerism; every little sacrifice is worthy of the spirit in which we are pursuing this war.

It is a shameful thing that such an article as this has to be written.

It would be a still more shameful thing if the food bandits and racketeers were allowed to get away with it.

Germany, waging a totalitarian war against us, and realising the need for all her gigantic resources, gives short shrift to the wrongdoer.

Only a few days ago, at a special court at Lyck, East Prussia, two Germans were condemned to death for burglary and for receiving stolen goods.

There is no mercy in war-time Germany for the criminal. He impedes the progress of war there, just as he does here.

And here, too, there should be no mercy for the men whose greed imperils the nation's food supplies and whose activities threaten to set at naught the costly and intricate system of rationing.

If the people of this country—knowing as they do that food supplies are adequate and that they will never go short of essentials—turn a contemptuous shoulder to the racketeers, their scandalous trade would never flourish.

But there will always be the few—their bellies are their gods—who will encourage this vile trafficking.

For them, as for the men who handle the bootleg butter and other foodstuffs, new penalties must be devised.

They must be hunted down without mercy.

Their punishment must serve as a deterrent to others.

FOR the food bandit, the robber of the breakfast table, there must be the same fate. They are the worst form of parasite—men not worthy of the great country which has reared them and which has endured—and is enduring—so that they, like us all, may live free from oppression and persecution.

The authorities must tackle this scandal before it is given even a chance to spread.

They must set up special machinery to check at the source the origin of this traffic.

For better or worse, the whole nation is in this war determined to see the struggle through.

All who hamper us in our fight, all who seek to exploit our troubles, all who waver, through greed or gluttony, in the task ahead, are our deadly enemies.

We cannot afford to ignore the challenge of the criminal and the racketeer.

Long terms of imprisonment for the food racketeer and, if necessary, fine and imprisonment for the gluttons who buy bootleg food!

The people are making their sacrifices; they are pulling their weight; they are giving the Government a square deal — the most loyal support any Government ever had in the waging of a war.

In turn, the nation has a right to be protected against the activities of the food criminal.

Let it be done—and done quickly!

Everyman's Refuge

The Human Machine

EACH day of war life becomes more restricted. Each day there is something else we can't get. Each day there is something else we can't do. Each day we feel that another brick has been added to an invisible wall being built around us.

That is the effect of war on modern life.

Yet nothing on earth has ever been devised to force us to think other than we wish.

In good times or difficult, in prosperity or adversity, we remain monarchs of our own minds.

That is a kingdom none can invade.

As we now are probably only at the beginning of our problems, it would be just as well to have a clearly marked course charted.

The first thing to realise, now and all the time, is that the basic secret of contentment is to like what you have instead of pining for what you don't possess.

Sounds simple, yet it needs a good deal of willpower and determination to put it into practice.

We must also develop the habit of providing our own happiness instead of depending on others.

We must learn to concentrate our resources inside the walls of our own homes, instead of dissipating them outside.

We must learn to depend on ourselves.

Lots of us have been forgetting how to do this.

It will do us all a lot of good to start doing it again. We must refuse to allow anything to depress us. We must keep, not a falsely optimistic, but a *level* mind.

We must keep sane.

None of it is easy. It can all be done. It must be done.

As intelligent, human beings we have a high standard at which to aim.

We must live up to it for the sake of our self-respect.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Pack up your troubles —send them to me

"IF your wife receives threatening letters, tell her to send them on to me. I will deal with them. Don't you worry."

This message, which I have just sent to an Army sergeant who was hoodwinked by Consolidated World Research Society touts, applies to all men in the Forces in a similar position.

If they are being pestered for payment for anything that they feel was a ramp, I will be only too glad to help. Naturally, they do not want their wives to be bothered while they are away.

Many of my Christmas and New Year greetings have been thanks for help given during the year in saving people who have fallen into the "sign-on-the-dotted-line" trap.

Such spontaneous tributes are most gratifying.

RADIO BOOM WARNING

WIRELESS businesses are flourishing. That is all the more reason why offers to share in the boom by investing a little capital should be investigated carefully because dubious financiers are out to rake in all the money they can find.

Associated with the recent promotion of one venture about which I advise special caution is a financier named Reginald Henry Charles Ashton.

During the last few months Ashton and a Mr. L. C. Beaver have been interested in a concern called "Rent-a-Radio," now run from West Street, Brighton.

Recently an advertisement appeared, asking for "Assistant to managing director of radio renting company (radio business is booming). Salary £7 a week and commission. Invest £250, returnable and secured."

A Kent reader applied, and in an interview with Beaver was told that a syndicate was negotiating to take over "Rent-a-Radio" and float a new company with a possible capital of £10,000, to be raised by private issue.

The money he was asked to invest was to be part of the £300 "Rent-a-Radio" was to subscribe towards expenses. In return he was promised £7 a week, a directorship, expenses and commission on the firm's turn-over.

Another reader who answered a similar advertisement in April was asked to invest £150.

When each of the applicants explained that he could not furnish the full amount Beaver said he was ready to take £150 in one instance, £50 in the other. Apparently no experience was necessary. The cash investment was the important thing.

I have handled in the last few years several enquiries about Reginald Henry Charles Ashton. The last time was only just over a year ago, when he was working from a dowdy office in the Holborn district.

His aim then was similar to that now being so actively pursued by Mr. Beaver—trying to find partners with capital for new businesses.

One letter before me refers to an advertisement in which he asked for "an adaptable man." Adaptable is good!

Even this morning I received a further enquiry about the latest venture at Brighton.

It comes all the way from Dumfriesshire, and, worded similarly to that received earlier by my enquirer in Kent, asks for a £250 investment in the same fashion!

Dr. T. F. Roche "looks like being damned for life"

Martyrdom of Dr. Roche

DR. THOMAS FRANCIS ROCHE almost envies sharepushers and fraudulent financiers. If they are caught plundering the public, they go to jail for a few years. Then they are free to start again—if they want to.

Struck off the register eight years ago for a breach of medical etiquette, Dr. Roche looks like being damned for life.

The General Medical Council has again rejected his appeal for restoration, claiming, as on numerous other occasions, "the gravity of the offence."

Gravity!

It was an allegation that he had canvassed for a few patients.

More than 5,000 people signed a petition urging that the decision to remove Dr. Roche's name from the register was against the weight of evidence, but even assuming that he was technically guilty, a reprimand and a period of probation would surely have been ample punishment.

When he was banned from his profession, this doctor had given thirty years of devoted service to humanity. He has already suffered for more than eight years.

To-day he is penniless and does not know how long he can remain in the modest rooms where he is living in Ladbroke Grove, London, N.W.

Until war broke out Dr. Roche worked at a therapy institute.

This barely enabled him to live. Now even that small income has gone.

When he applied to the Unemployment Bureau for assistance, he was granted 29s. 6d. a week. He struggled along on that for about two months, and then was told the allowance had been stopped.

For a whole day he was unable to find out why, although he tramped from one address to another.

Next morning came a letter stating that he could make an objection to the decision if he chose. When he made further enquiries, he was referred from one place to another, and in the end he was no better off.

Apart from the injustice to this man, who is now about seventy years of age, the country is deprived of the services of a clever doctor because the General Medical Council claims powers as sweeping as those of the old Inquisition.

The Boy They Outlawed

WORK on the land is the ambition of seventeen-year-old Stanley Lewis Fisher, whose mother lives in Coopers Lane, Clacton-on-Sea.

That is the only indication of Stanley's address I am able to give because he is in hiding from officials of the Royal Eastern Counties Institution, Colchester.

He was placed in their care about eighteen months ago, when, with four other boys, he was charged with some trivial theft.

His companions, defended by a barrister, were put on probation.

Stanley was sent to the Institution for twelve months.

At the end of the year his relatives sought his release, but one excuse after another was made.

The chief reason given was that he was backward.

He certainly is not proficient at reading and writing, but, as he wishes to be a farm worker, that does not seem to matter much.

A short time ago this seventeen-year-old was granted four weeks' leave, and during that time he worked for a local farmer, who found him thoroughly satisfactory, and said he would keep him in his employ if he could be released from the Institution.

Although the period for which he was sent to the Institution had long passed, officialdom would not let go its grip.

When policemen went to the farm to look for the youth, he fled, and is still in hiding.

The common-sense solution lies in the hands of the Board of Control.

Time and again I have commented on the methods of this body in instances where it appears abundantly clear that young people could be safely released to take their places in the world.

I appeal again to Sir Laurence Brock, the chairman, to do the sensible thing and give Stanley Fisher his freedom.

She Gets Most of the Aid

MERSEYSIDE residents should beware of collectors sent out by Mrs. R. Thain, of Islington, Liverpool, until the long-delayed House to House Collections Act comes into force on March 1.

"The Aid in Need" is the main charity for which help is asked, but a reader tells me that one collector, penetrating as far afield as Manchester, names some different object each time he calls.

You can ignore all Mrs. Thain's supplications. She is adept at the racket, and her organisation is typical of the hollow pretence that has made it necessary to have new legislation to protect genuine charity work. Much of the money she obtains goes in commission and expenses.

Not long ago Mrs. Thain was in charge of the Manchester branch of the notorious Women's National Help Society.

MR. E. CASTERTON, of Bartlett Street, Liverpool, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for providing me with details of a particularly mean fraud on poor people.

I am glad to hear of anything that calls for investigation. Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

A PRETTY PICTURE!

DRAWING your way into a good income is perfectly simple, according to W. A. Kemp, whose literature suggests that he has commodious studios in Mattock-lane, Ealing, London.

His stencilled-letter reply to one man, who answered his advertisement said that extensions and developments were being made.

Yet there were no signs of "extensions" when one of my representatives called. The only studio he found was a furnished room where Mr. Kemp seems to live.

"Artists and amateurs wanted for staff and home work" is the kind of advertisement that this art expert publishes, and those replying are offered his postal course, which he claims is equal to a £300 apprenticeship.

He says that war has increased the demand for art work.

Actually, artists have been badly hit, and for this reason alone you should ignore Mr. Kemp's blandishments.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR by The Editor.

Don't Let *Them* Fool You!

"From Australia, Canada, New Zealand and India we have drawn and shall continue to draw reinforcements." This is how some of the Canadians greeted the Mother Country

WHEN Monsieur Reynaud, the French Minister of Finance, said that Father Time is a neutral in this war, he spoke the truth.

Time is always neutral. His store of precious hours is available to all impartially.

But the hours and the minutes are perishable goods. They won't keep. They must be used at once.

Great Britain is using them well. Economically and industrially, as well as in the field, she is making prodigious efforts. The whole war machine is in top gear and she is "stepping on the gas."

But the country is not getting the good Press it deserves. Every mistake the Government makes is seized upon by niggling critics. They seem to take a pleasure in discovering blunders and magnifying them into disasters.

When they have nothing special to grumble at, they solemnly announce that we can't win the war by sitting back with our hands folded and waiting for victory.

Who is sitting back? We ourselves can see nothing but intense activity on every hand.

The shipyards are working day and night; the great shadow factories are producing 'planes, guns, shells and other war material faster and faster: and the Government is working to a methodical plan.

The New Year call-up of another two million men doesn't seem much like sitting back.

In the last war there was no conscription until 1917, and even then, when our situation was almost desperate, a strong minority was still opposed to this necessary measure.

Men in Millions

This time the country answers every call with scarcely a murmur. By the end of this year we shall have, if we need them, three million men in uniform. And, what is more, we can raise this immense force without crippling our vital industries.

Perhaps the schedule of reserved occupations is not perfectly devised, but we are certainly not making the mistake this time of putting key men into khaki or sending mere boys to the front.

Britain is working in complete accord with France. There is not only unity of command, but also a pooling of economic resources.

The French naturally have by far the bigger army, but our Navy plays the dominant rôle at sea, and our industrial army is the finest in the world bar none.

The Air Forces of both countries are doing magnificent work and are fast expanding. They have already destroyed Hitler's chance of a "lightning war." Their strength is such that no massed air attack could now be made upon us except at ruinous cost to the enemy.

We have never been afraid to criticise this Government or any other, but we see no sense in mere "grousing."

When we consider things are going wrong which could be put right, we shall be quick to say so.

On the other hand, we do not intend to make mountains out of molehills, or to suggest that the whole country is slacking because there are muddles in certain Ministries.

ACTUALLY, GREAT BRITAIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO QUICKLY OFF THE MARK IN ANY PREVIOUS WAR.

Sea power has always been our greatest asset, and consider what gigantic efforts are being made to maintain it.

In our shipyards to-day there are a million tons of naval, and a million and a half tons of merchant shipping under construction.

The Nazis started the war with approximately a hundred submarines in commission or laid down. The Allies have sunk forty per cent. of these and continue to sink them faster than Germany can possibly replace them.

After we had the U-boat menace well in hand, the enemy launched a new and murderous campaign with his magnetic mines.

That was in November, and immediately we mustered all our resources to counter this hitherto untried weapon.

It has been countered. In the last week of the Old Year the Germans managed to sink no more than five small British and neutral ships.

We shall lose much more tonnage before the war is over, but the freedom of the seas is assured.

Moreover, acting again with the utmost energy and speed, we are now preparing an immense minefield—a sort of Maginot Line of the sea—to protect the whole of the East Coast and provide safety lanes for British and neutral shipping.

In the last war it took us over two years to achieve a comparable protection. To-day our convoy system is the wonder of all neutral countries and the despair of the German Admiralty.

Although we have to keep our ships at sea, we have lost proportionately less tonnage than the enemy.

Our net loss, after allowing for new building, captures and transfers, does not exceed 40,000 tons. On a percentage basis, we have lost 2 per cent., as against Germany's 5.

Far from sitting back, then, it is clear that Britain is winning the war at sea.

Haw-Haw's Mistake

Lord Haw-Haw, in one of his recent broadcasts, was foolish enough to boast of the decline in our seaborne traffic. Actually the tonnage entering and clearing our ports, though naturally less than it was before the war, is now increasing.

Germany's overseas trade is not declining: it is dead.

Nobody, it is true, grumbles much about the Fighting Services, but, in fact, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force give the lie to the entire suggestion that Great Britain is just "waiting for any easy victory."

THE EMPIRE IS NOT SITTING BACK ANY MORE THAN THE MOTHER COUNTRY. FROM AUSTRALIA, CANADA, NEW ZEALAND AND INDIA WE HAVE DRAWN AND SHALL CONTINUE TO DRAW REINFORCEMENTS.

TIME, HOWEVER NEUTRAL IT MAY BE, OFFERS OPPORTUNITIES TO US HERE WHICH IT CANNOT OFFER TO THE ENEMY.

On the home front, in spite of all the critics, there is constantly increasing activity. The British working man is doing his job with a stout heart and the whole strength of organised labour is enlisted in the national cause.

Back to Work

Moreover, we predict that by the end of the Spring the great majority of the unemployed will be back at work again.

True, the Government will deserve no medals for this; nevertheless, the steady acceleration of its supply programme does go to show the country's grim determination to be prepared for a long war while it still hopes for a short one.

Rationing is merely a part—a necessary part—of this preparation. Nothing can be more peevish or futile than grumbling on this score, and yet, strangely enough, the very people who complain that we are sitting back are the ones who make most fuss about this particular proof that we are doing nothing of the kind.

We do not pretend to be satisfied with every phase of the country's war activities. We know that there is a plague of bureaucrats and "a plaguey lot" of red-tape.

We suspect profiteering in many quarters and we are certain of it in some. We know that there are many muddles to clear up and an infinity of waste for which there is no excuse.

But, broadly speaking, the country is putting up a grand show. Taxed to the hilt, the public is still cheerfully handing its savings to the Exchequer and business is carrying on with courage and wonderful vitality.

We are spending six million pounds a day and raising nearly half of this money by taxation.

Since Sir John Simon's appeal to save and lend, the public has been buying Defence Bonds and Savings Certificates to the value of £1,500,000 daily!

Nazi Leaders have been whipped into frenzied anger by the man with the

Most Dangerous Job in the World!

THE man with the most dangerous job in the world would pass unnoticed in any crowd. He is so small that I had difficulty in keeping my eye on him in the crowded lounge of an hotel.

And to his drab, insignificant appearance he owes his freedom. Because he is so small, he is still alive and able to say with a modest smile, "We have beaten the Nazis and outwitted the Gestapo a thousand times."

Not given to boasting, this Scarlet Pimpernel of World War II, is head of Germany's Secret Anti-Nazi Freedom Radio Station, which day after day thrills German-speaking people possessing short-wave radio sets with its attacks on the Fuehrer and his gangsters.

I can't tell you his name.

I can't even try to tell you the colour of his eyes, the way he has his hair cut or the set of his jaw. He goes on living because he remains only a voice to Germany.

Yet he risked crossing to this country to make valuable contacts, collect essential facts for his astonishing broadcast programmes, and I was privileged to meet him and hear the voice that has kept Nazi leaders jumping mad for months, describing the adventures of the most daring radio unit in the world.

"Although we have lost only three men since the war started," he said, "we all know that few of us can survive to the end.

"BUT there is never a gap in our ranks. Volunteers are always eager to help. They want to work for truth and freedom in a land that has lost these things.

'Personal fearlessness and determination are essential to the success of our portable transmitting station's work. And there is never an hour when we are not being chased by the most ruthless of Hitler's cunning thugs."

And as the little man speaks of his daring work his eyes are sad.

"I know you think it is all very romantic," he says, "but I am afraid it is not. You should try it—for a few hours."

And he shrugs his shoulders, much as a front line soldier will dismiss as unrepeatable the hardships of maintaining an outpost in the face of heavy odds.

'Oh, no, we're not really brave," said the leader of this daring broadcasting squad. "My knees knocked together when a Gestapo agent stopped me when we were adjusting an aerial on the roof of a hide-out.

"You're a radio expert," he said, "why cannot you help us to find this damned Freedom Station."

"I couldn't very well explain that he was leaning against the aerial from which the broadcasts were then being made."

"It was a little difficult," added the little man smiling, "and we left for new quarters half an hour later, after explaining, of course, to our listeners about the 'circumstances over which we had no control. . . .'"

HE explained how his crew did much of their broadcasting from a radio truck, rigging up aerials and equipment whenever they found a likely spot.

They can't settle.

A fortnight is too long for them to be in any one place.

When workers in a block of flats in Cologne complained that the structure of their building interfered with the reception of Nazi broadcasts, instructions were given that a gang of Nazi radio experts should investigate and build a community aerial.

A friend of the Freedom Station arranged that the Scarlet Pimpernel of Radio and his crew should get the job.

Disguised as Nazi workmen, they drove their moving radio station into the courtyard of the building, built the special aerial, and were broadcasting anti-Nazi propaganda over it even when the local Nazi officials were inspecting their work.

On the roof were Gestapo agents, in the cellar, sitting in a barrel, was my little friend, pouring his opinion of Hitler into a microphone.

German troops, hurtling out of Czechoslovakia soon after war had been declared, to take up their positions on the Siegfried Line, dashed through a wood in which the Freedom Station was broadcasting.

Their lumbering army trucks came within a few feet of a giant ditch containing the radio crew.

The Man with the Most Dangerous Job in the World had selected a site from which his station would have the widest possible range. His crew had dug a trench that would hold the truck. The aerial was in a barrel lying on the roadside.

DIGGING themselves in until the truck was hidden, they courageously stayed under their camouflage for a fortnight.

And as mechanised German forces sped along the road, the announcer's voice, only a few feet away, was saying, "Listen to me, Adolf Hitler. . . ."

For a fortnight he spoke from that spot. Then it was feared that Nazi experts had plotted their location by means of a radio beam. So they moved.

"Listen to me, Adolf Hitler. . . ." said the announcer from the ruin of a mill twenty-four hours later.

By the time they moved again the world had learned to listen every day for their dramatic theme song. Ten men had been picked to run the station, and they worked in two shifts.

"It was then that we decided," said radio's Scarlet Pimpernel, "to choose the most dangerous place as our headquarters.

"We moved into an evacuated house in a Rhineland town, and as the district was under military law we wore the uniforms of soldiers whose division was stationed in the locality. We mingled with the troops, heard what they had to say and sent out messages that were heard in London and Paris from their own backyard, as it were.

"For ten days we had been working in the deserted building. We were feeling as safe as we ever could when a sentry came prowling.

"He challenged three of the crew who were adjusting some of our equipment, and before they could overpower him he had shot one of them. The sentry was put out of action a second later.

"It was all in the day's work.

"The other two men died in much the same way," he added.

"But we have our reward.

"One night we left the barge that was our broadcasting station to have supper in a café in Hamburg. I was soon joined by three working men who were chatting eagerly.

"Suddenly one of them said, 'I'd like to meet those brave fellows who are behind the Freedom Station."

"THE night before it had been announced that death was the penalty for listening to our programmes.

"These three were terrified that I was a secret police officer. But I put them at ease by quoting the words that I had been broadcasting only a few hours previously.

"Then they started to talk again, and there followed a eulogy of our work that was better than anything we could ever receive by way of reward."

And then the little man said good-bye.

He disappeared into the crowds, lost in a sea of khaki. As brave as the bravest soldier, he is the Voice of Freedom. He is a lonely fighter, living in constant fear, yet quite unconcerned about having the Most Dangerous Job in the World.

The limping doctor has been so angered by the Freedom Station that he is now making a Lord "Haw-Haw" broadcast as an anti-Nazi to discredit its grand propaganda among Germans

And this is a purely voluntary effort. In Germany, Dr. Funk, Minister of Economics—to whose name, by the way, no special significance need be attached—is desperately trying to follow Sir John's lead.

He, too, is urging rich and poor alike to save all they can.

But in Germany the response is so poor that a forced loan is regarded as imminent.

The Nazis are so afraid of it that they are thronging the auction rooms and buying jewels and works of art at inflated prices.

And their principal leaders have long since salted down their own private fortunes in foreign banks!

If this country were sitting back, you would not find its ordinary men and women of all classes eager to help finance the war as well as to fight in it and work for it.

We don't imagine for an instant that Germany is sitting back behind the Siegfried Line, but on the other hand we do not forget that the Nazi taskmasters are still cracking their whips and that at least one out of every four men and women in the Reich obey them sullenly with hatred in their hearts.

Slave service and slave obedience can always be commanded in a slave state.

But one willing man is always worth two pressed workers, and the strength of Britain lies in the stubborn will and purpose of all her people.

No other country, not excepting Germany, could do more than Britain is now doing to utilise all its resources and to make sure of Father Time's BENEVOLENT neutrality.

Time Will Tell

Time is on our side because we can use it to better advantage than the enemy. And we are doing so.

The grousers and the grumblers have no real case. Don't let them fool you. This is not going to be an easy war to win—but the country is not taking it easily.

On the contrary, it is making the greatest effort in its history to win a war that was forced upon it by an evil man, and to free Europe from the scourge of his ascendency.

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

LIFE WASN'T WORTH LIVING

until she took Dr. Cassells

If you have ever put up with nerve suffering you will know what this woman means when she says "*there are no tablets which can do more good in cases like mine.*" This is a Barnsley woman's tribute to the tonic which made her life worth living again. She writes: "*I could not eat, I could not sleep at night, I suffered severely with stomach pains—life was not worth living. But since taking Dr. Cassells I am perfectly well and can both eat and sleep well.*" Mrs. E. E. S.

NOW— "I am perfectly well, I can eat, I can sleep."

Signalman suffered

INCREDIBLE AGONIES

This man suffered for over 20 years with nervous weakness. He thought he would never get over it. At last, on his own initiative, he began taking Dr. Cassells Tablets. The improvement was remarkable. He says: "*I am a signalman in a fairly large Box and how I continued my responsible work I don't know. The agonies I suffered were indescribable. I am thankful it is now my turn to write of the great good Dr. Cassells can do. I eat, and sleep and am better in every way.*" W. H., London, E.6.

NOW— "It is my turn to write of the great good Dr. Cassells can do..."

Feed your Nerves with

Dr. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

FOR WHEEZY CHEST GO SUCK A ZUBE

3° and 6° in flatlins

Going on for

When Empire Troops come to Town, the Spirit of the Old Country works wonders, as you see in this story by

WILL SCOTT

SOMEWHERE near Long Ditton, Bert, who in public life was Lieutenant Ingleton, of the East Australian Somethings, began to show curiosity, if not enthusiasm. After all, he was from Sydney, and you had to prove things to him.

Yet he went as far as pressing his cheek to the windows and trying to peep ahead. Seeing, for his reward, some more of Long Ditton or some other place like it.

"So this is London!" he murmured.

"I'll say!" responded Capt. Barney, of the same East Australian Somethings, who in private life was known as Good Old Harry.

"Where's St. Paul's?" Bert asked.

"Miles away," replied Good Old Harry.

"*Miles?*"

Good Old Harry tried to explain.

"This," he said, with a flourish of his hand towards the carriage window, "goes *on*."

"I see," said Bert. "Well, when it's done going on I shall be ready to eat an ox. As soon as we're out of the train you can push me into This Place and yell for the waiter."

"No," said Good Old Harry.

Bert looked puzzled.

"How do you mean?"

"IN This Place, as you call it," Good Old Harry answered, "you don't *yell* for the waiter. This, as you remarked, is London. It's a good thing you've got me to hold your hand. Item number two. I can't push you into This Place as soon as the train stops. We've got to take a taxi to the City."

"City of what?" said Bert.

"City of London," said Good Old Harry.

"You said this *was* London."

"I'm speaking of the City."

"City of *what?*"

"City of *London*."

"I give it up," said Bert.

"It'll sort itself out," said Good Old Harry. "You stand by me."

Bert took another look out of the carriage window as a station flashed past.

"Something and Malden," he announced. "Where would that be?"

"I can't be expected to remember all the little places," said Good Old Harry. "I was only in London for a week, and it's twenty-five years ago. Nearly."

That made him look out of the window in his turn. The other window. At nothing.

"Twenty-five years. A quarter of a century! I never thought I'd be in London again in uniform. It was going to be the Mess to End Messes. You don't remember. You're too young."

"I was hungry, even then," said Bert, not so romantic.

That brought back Good Old Harry's enthusiasm.

"This Place," he said, "has been there since George the First. It's got the oldest shop front in the City. Generations of people have fed there. For centuries.

"I hope it's as good as you say," said Bert. "Time brings changes."

"And sometimes not," said Good Old Harry.

"What?" said Bert.

"And sometimes not," said Good Old Harry. "Now, in Sydney, they'd have pulled this place down years ago and built something better. But not in London."

"WHY not?"

"Because you can't build anything better. You can't build an atmosphere. You can't build something that's been soaking into the walls and the windows and the doors and the tables since George the First was King of England."

Good Old Harry tapped Bert on the knee.

"It may not appeal to you the first minute," he said. "There's no marble and chromium about it. But it will grow on you. When you get back home you'll talk about it. 'The day we had lunch at Birch's in the City,' I know. I've talked about it for twenty-five years. A quarter of a century. . . ."

He turned to the window again and looked at nothing.

"It's very queer the way things turn out," he said presently. "I was always going to bring the wife here. As soon as I got back from the last mess I promised her."

He looked back at Bert.

"I promised her a slap-up holiday in England, as soon as we'd saved enough. 'And the first thing we do when we get to London,' I said, 'is have lunch at Birch's.' And I told her all about the old shop front and how it had all been there since George the First. And—→ everything. . . ."

"And?" said Bert.

"And," said Good Old Harry, "here am I, twenty-five years later, in uniform again, and the nearest she's ever been is Sydney Harbour. Don't suppose she ever will get here now."

"Pity," said Bert.

Three Crops a Year

By Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S.

Plan your garden so that as one crop matures another is nearly ready

IT is said that "the truly great man is he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before." We should apply this thought to our gardens in producing food.

It is possible to get three, often four, crops from the same piece of land in a season.

Plan your garden so that as soon as one crop reaches maturity another is coming on.

The more you study intensive cultivation the more interesting it becomes. Essentials include deep, rich soil, plenty of water in dry weather, and low-growing and early maturing varieties that do not overcrowd each other.

There is a compact variety of Brussels sprouts, a dwarf kale, dwarf-growing peas, and even a dwarf variety of scarlet runner beans, useful because they occupy so little land.

Bush marrow takes up far less space than the trailing type.

If you have slow-maturing crops, such as peas or celery, the land in between the rows should be used for quick-growing crops, such as spinach, French beans and salads.

Catch-crops produce crops quickly from the land between two main crops. Early potatoes, lifted at the end of June, would be followed immediately by spinach or lettuce, before autumn cabbages are planted.

In Spring plant early potatoes, 2½ ft. between the rows. Sow a quick-maturing cabbage in the cold frame, such as Velocity, which matures in twelve weeks, or an early cauliflower.

Cabbages can be set between rows two weeks before potatoes are lifted.

Cabbages and cauliflowers will quickly follow and mature before autumn.

Between the cauliflower and cabbage, winter spinach could be sown, and thus three crops of vegetables would be obtained from the same piece of land in twelve months.

Between rows of peas, spinach can be sown when the peas are cleared; these would be followed with Brussels sprouts and leeks.

Protection, an important factor in French gardening, can be obtained by using frames, covered with glass or mats, wattle hurdles or cloches of various types. These protective materials should be constantly in use during the colder months of the year.

The average back garden is 100 ft. in length, and a hosepipe could easily be arranged from the house tap to supply water during dry weather.

Generations

"I was only in London for a week, and it's twenty-five years ago, yet I still remember This Place. The fellow who took me said generations had fed there."

"You know how it is," Good Old Harry explained. "The kids came along. They had to be brought up. They had to be educated. One thing and another. You put things off. Time passes. You never do them."

He rose and gathered his belongings from the rack.

"She'd have loved Birch's," he said. "Still. . . . Why the heck do we have to grow old?"

Outside, the lines multiplied until you seemed to be looking at nothing but railway. The train began to slow down.

"Where are we?" said Bert.

"The capital of the Empire," said Good Old Harry.

"London? But ten miles back you said——"

"Never mind what I said. You hold my hand, my boy, or you'll get lost."

The train stopped. They got out and walked under what seemed to Bert to be acres and acres of roof, through a big arch into acres and acres of yard.

Good Old Harry put up his hand and a taxi moved up.

Good Old Harry opened the door.

"Birch's, in Cornhill," he said.

The taxi driver stared.

"Where, sir?"

"Cornhill."

"Birch's, did you say?"

"I certainly did."

"Been away from home a good spell, ain't you, colonel?" said the taxi driver.

"How d'you mean?"

"There's ain't been no Birch's in Cornhill these ten years," said the taxi driver. "And more than ten years. Twelve years. Yes, and more than twelve."

"Do you mean they've pulled it down?"

"That's a fact, sir."

"Pulled *Birch's* down?"

"All gorn, sir."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

GOOD Old Harry stood there like a man in the middle of a world that has stopped spinning. And then suddenly he snapped his fingers.

"Get in, Bert, my lad. Drive on, driver—somewhere, anywhere. I'll tell you where when I've got over it."

They got in and the taxi set out for somewhere, anywhere. . . .

Good Old Harry could not quite believe it.

"Pulled Birch's down!" he kept saying. "The wife will be quite *hurt*. She knew it about as well as if she'd seen it. Pulled it *down!* Why, it's been there since the days of George I!"

He made up his mind, and tapped on the glass partition.

"Take me to where it used to be, driver," he said.

"Right you are, sir," said the driver.

They rattled along towards the City, up Ludgate Hill and round St. Paul's Churchyard, Bert looking at everything, Good Old Harry still looking at nothing.

The clock of the old Bow Church showed the hour of one as they glided into the hub of the universe.

They came to Cornhill and stopped.

"Right," said Good Old Harry, paying the driver. "That's all."

HE stood there looking at the huge building which has blotted out the ancient spot where Birch's was. He wanted to be indignant about it at the top of his voice.

"It's so damn silly!" he said. "You can't imagine what it was like. It had been there since the days of George I."

"So I've heard," said Bert.

"You may not believe me," Good Old Harry went on, "but many's the time I've been back here in a dream."

He waved his hand at the huge building.

"And they've pulled it *down!*"

"I could now," said Bert, "eat two oxes."

"Yes," said Good Old Harry, "we've got to go somewhere. Do you know what you do in London when you don't know *what?*"

"What?" said Bert.

"You ask a policeman. Come on."

Good Old Harry was not in the sweetest of tempers. Plainly the demolition of Birch's had been a personal one at him. He was three paces ahead of Bert all the way back to the Mansion House, and had started his question by the time Bert caught up with him at the policeman.

". . . . place where we can eat?"

The policeman gave it every consideration.

"Do you know Winkle's, sir?"

"Winkle's?"

"You know Cannon Street Station?"

"We can find it."

The policeman went into details.

"We'll find it. Thanks."

He led the way again.

"Damn silly, pulling these old places down," he growled.

They found Winkle's.

Winkle's had a shabby look, but they were hungry. They went in.

The ground floor was a pub. They went up. They passed on the way, to their astonishment, two soldiers having lunch on the stairs. A window-sill served for table.

The first floor was full. Other window-sills were serving for tables. Two men were using the top of the piano.

The second floor told the same story. Every window-sill was occupied. A waiter became helpful.

"There'll be a window-sill vacant in a few moments on the floor above, sir," he said.

"Come on!" said Good Old Harry to Bert. And downstairs they went. Good Old Harry never knew that he upset Private Cole's pepper-pot on the bottom window-sill.

They reached the street.

"Twenty past one," said Good Old Harry. "Lord knows where we can go! Window-sill!!! You were right, Bert."

"What about?" said Bert.

"Time," said Good Old Harry, "brings changes. Come on!"

PRIVATE COLE put his pepper-pot straight.

"Only those who don't know get a table," he explained. "It's part of the idea, getting a window-sill. It's been going on for *generations*."

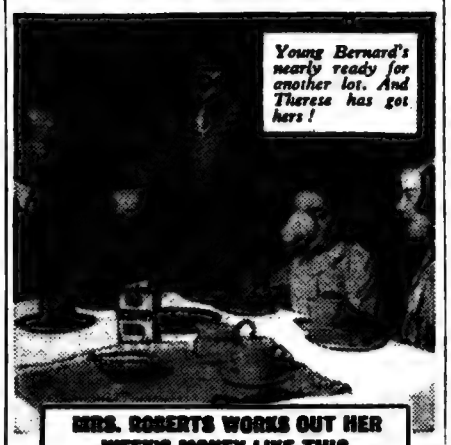
"It's like Dickens," said Private Purvis.

"Just."

"We've got nothing like this in Quebec," Private Purvis admitted. "My wife would *love* it. She's hot on Dickens and old things. When this mess is over, if I can manage it I'll bring her over from Canada for a real holiday. And the first thing we'll do will be lunch at Winkle's. Yes, sir-ee. Believe me!"

"FOOD MUSTN'T COST MORE THAN 23/- A WEEK for the 4 of us if I am to manage"

SAYS MRS. ROBERTS OF PRESTON



MRS. ROBERTS WORKS OUT HER WEEK'S MONEY LIKE THIS

	£	s.	d.
Rent (inclusive)		14	0
Coal		3	0
Electricity		2	9
Clothes		2	6
Insurance		1	3
Food	1	3	0
Husband's cigarettes, expenses, etc.		3	6
	£2	10	0

The whole Roberts family have felt better fed since mother discovered that **ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION**

"NATURALLY I'm proud of the youngsters," said Mrs. Roberts, "but being proud doesn't satisfy their appetites! They're both so athletic!—Therese, who's 13, has won certificates for swimming and life-saving. They come home from school as hungry as hunters!—and they both seem to be *really* strong and healthy on the food I give them, thank goodness!

Fetch him, boy! What a happy, healthy-looking pair! He doesn't look it, but Bernard, who's 9, is four years younger than swimming champ Therese!

"Of course, I'm thankful to Rowntree's Cocoa! I've discovered that it is not only a nourishing food itself, but also helps the family to digest the *other* food I give them with it. That's why all their meals go further, thanks to Rowntree's!"

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on *extra* bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, rich chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this, too: Rowntree's is "pre-digested"; so, when taken before bed, it not only provides a warming drink, but also helps your supper to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

Humanist's Page

"She Doesn't Want Me"

"SUPPOSE I do meet another woman, can my wife blame me if I do go off the rails?" asks a reader who complains that his married life is unhappy because his wife "doesn't seem to care."

He has written one of two oddly contrasting letters of which married love is the subject.

His wife is offhand; the other wife is insanely jealous.

Let us listen first to the man who has been worrying for four years because his wife won't go out with him.

"It is not the other woman, but the fear of her, that has been worrying me," he says.

"My troubles began when my wife said, 'Will you go out by yourself this week-end? I haven't the time to spare.' That has been going on ever since we were first married. No matter how much I try to persuade her to go out with me, she always says she would rather stay at home and sew, or visit her mother.

"What can I do to make her realise the mistake she is making?

"If I reach home late, she never complains or asks questions.

"Sometimes I tease her about 'another woman,' but all she says is, 'I can trust you.'

"Am I expected to remain faithful to such a trust? Will you help me to try to make her see that she is doing the wrong thing?"

Now for the wife who can't bear her husband to be out of her sight. She is jealous of anybody in whom he takes the slightest interest.

"If John should be in the garden and speak to a neighbour," says my correspondent, "Mary would run out in a flurry and make some sort of excuse to get him indoors.

"Even though they have been married for twenty years, Mary can't bear to leave her man alone.

"She has never had reason to distrust John. But it is impossible for them to keep any friends, because of Mary's unreasonable jealousy.

"The man can go nowhere without her.

"She has ruined many a good business deal, and when John, becoming exasperated, puts his foot down, there have been awful scenes.

"Mary actually screams at him and jumps off the ground in her fury! She even kicks him, although at other times she is a quiet, refined woman. After such outbursts John threatens to leave her.

"Sometimes I have asked Mary to go out with me when I have known that John has had an appointment.

"But Mary always has to do some shopping. John has to pay two fares, buy two luncheons.

"You will not be surprised to know that there is now talk of separation."

While real love cannot exist where there is everlasting fear and watchdog supervision, the wife with perfect faith is not fair to her man.

"It is the fear of the other woman that is troubling me. My wife doesn't want to go out with me. She prefers to stay at home and sew, or go to see her mother"

Mother wants to spoil son

He wants her companionship. He is tired of wandering about alone, and his thoughts are already straying.

I don't suppose he would willingly start a secret affair with another woman, but such things do happen. Men are not all monogamists by instinct.

If he did do anything of the kind, loneliness would be the cause of it.

Many men have discovered the wrong type of woman, not through wickedness or depravity, but through being bored. Idle hours, idle hands . . . cause many disasters.

Two other letters also form a striking contrast. The first comes from a man who was the youngest of a family of seven, and says that from early childhood he was brought up with the idea of "doing things."

"At the age of eight I had all the boots in the house to clean," he says. "Because of my mother's ill-health I had to scrub floors. I am not ashamed of having done these things. They taught me to be useful and self-reliant. That kind of training went on until I married.

"My wife is an only daughter, brought up to have everything done for her by her parents.

"Her mother lives with us now, and my wife never makes any decision without consulting her mother first.

"Our only son, a boy of eleven, is between two fires. I want him to learn to do things for himself. My wife wants to do everything for him.

"After playing football I want him to go and clean his boots. If his mother is within hearing she will say, 'Never mind, sonny; I'll see to them for you.'

"If I happen to ask him to run an errand his mother steps him for fear he may get run over.

"So it goes on.

"Trivial things you may think, but what is going to happen to him when he is called on to stand on his own legs?"

This boy, a normal healthy lad, capable of doing things for himself if only his mother would let him, should be encouraged to depend on himself instead of being pampered.

In these days of small families, no boy or girl can imagine what work had to be done by their parents and grandparents during their childhood.

No one agrees with child slavery, yet there is a difference between asking a lad to clean his football boots and making him work all hours.

The other letter describes a boy who is only to be pitied.

He is not at all normal.

"My child seems to have a very funny complaint," says his mother. "Sometimes he cries about everything I ask him to do. I don't think he is lazy, but he always looks tired, even first thing in the morning.

"Although he is fourteen years old, he seems to be afraid of everything. He is afraid to go out, afraid to go from one room to another unless someone will go with him.

"I sometimes think he must be suffering from nerves.

"I have tried to cure him and I have tried scolding him, but all to no purpose.

"I am worried about his future."

This boy is suffering from "nerves" so badly that he is obviously a pathological case. He needs skilled treatment.

The fact that he is always exhausted, even in the early morning, indicates that he is suffering from an inner conflict that is wasting all his strength.

It may be an unconscious conflict. I don't mind guessing that he has wild dreams and horrible nightmares. If a psychologist heard about those dreams he would understand what is amiss.

It is not natural for a boy to be so tired that he cries when he is asked to do anything.

It is not natural for a boy of fourteen to be afraid to go out alone.

Should be a Little Devil

He ought to be in Boyhood's Glory, full of energy and enthusiasm, fearless of danger and a "bit of a devil."

But he is an invalid from some mental or emotional trouble, locked inside him. His life is hardly worth living.

The best advice I can offer his mother is that she should send him to a clinic where he will be sympathetically examined.

There are clinics in all big towns, specially created to help problem children. Any teacher will tell a mother the address of the nearest to her home.

Many doctors are also psychologists. They have been compelled to study the subject because the mind affects the body just as certainly as the body affects the mind.

A great many illnesses spring from the non-material part of human nature.

The clergyman, the doctor, the psychologist, and the teacher all work in their several ways to cure souls.

● HUMANIST gratefully acknowledges a letter from "Merely Mary Ann." He invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Address your envelope to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Humanist not only helps in solving your problems but also he pays a guinea for each letter published on this page.

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice 6d. a large size tin.

Not day-after-day— but 'ONE-DAY' is enough to BANISH CONSTIPATION

Don't become a slave to daily dosing. Take Feen-a-mint and banish constipation the modern *safe* way. Millions of people who took harsh drugs and laxatives *every day* have changed to Feen-a-mint, the occasional, natural laxative. They find it puts them right first time—tunes up the system at once to normal regularity.

But that's not all: Feen-a-mint is simple and pleasant to take—kiddies love it—and it has no unpleasant after-effects. It's like magic, the way you feel fit so *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint. Headaches and stomach troubles disappear. Your eyes sparkle and you feel full of vitality. Your complexion clears and you feel years younger. It all happens so quickly. Don't delay trying Feen-a-mint. Get a package today! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

New discovery about sleep brings relief from effects of war-time strain

There are 3 Sleep Groups

3rd SLEEP GROUP
Bad sleepers, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers. The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night—*activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group seem to sleep well enough, yet they lack energy during the day. They feel tired, "nervy," run-down. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 5 or 6 hours in bed, they have plenty of energy during the day. They are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. They get that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep which everybody should have and that Horlicks alone gives.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

MOST people think that when they're asleep their mind is at rest. This is not always true. In times of exceptional strain like these, more people's brains and nerves go on worrying all night even though the body is asleep. And that simple fact explains how the war has brought about such an enormous increase in "nerves," tiredness and run-down condition.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that all people belong to one of three Sleep Groups — 1st Group, 2nd Group, 3rd Group.

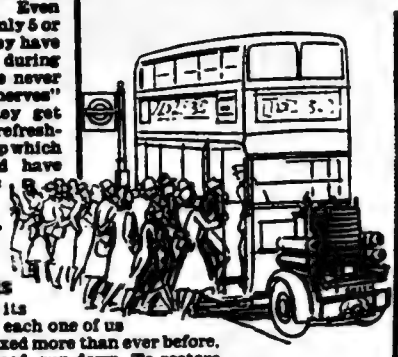
If you belong to the 1st Sleep Group, your brain and nerves rest perfectly as well as your body. But if you belong to the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Group, your brain and nerves are *activated* all night by the body's excess acid waste products which accumulate in the blood. You wake still tired every morning — feel "nervy," fagged out.

Doctors experimented with many foods and drinks to discover a means of counteracting those excess acid waste products. Horlicks alone gave the required results, in every case and with complete efficiency.

Take Horlicks regularly every night and see how much better you feel all day.

HORLICKS A COMPLETE FOOD

Horlicks is not a drug. It is a well-balanced, nourishing food with the milk already in it. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.



FEWER BUSES, LONGER QUEUES
Everyday life in all its details is harder for each one of us today. Nerves are taxed more than ever before, we get tired, depressed, run-down. To restore our lost energy, we must get really good sleep.

SHOPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Running a home is twice as difficult under war conditions. The stress and strain on a woman's body and nerves sap her vitality, lower her resistance. Now, as never before, everyone needs the kind of sleep that repairs the physical and nervous damage.

GAS-PROOF OVERALLS. Not every woman is called upon to do dangerous war work, but all, without exception, have to face war strain, war worry, war depression. Against these enemies, say scientists, the only reliable defence is to have 1st Group Sleep every night.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

The Olive Oil in PALMOLIVE is nature's priceless beautifier

Over 20,000 Beauty Experts say "Soap-and-water cleansing with an *olive oil* soap is the sure road to beauty." They know that no soap is so kindly and at the same time so thorough as Palmolive. Using Palmolive you are genuinely enlisting Nature to look after your complexion — *Your* skin can be fresh and *alive* if you start the Palmolive habit today!

3d

Fly high with a "John Bull" Reader who, after his first solo flight, had to make a

FORCED LANDING

"The 'plane came out of the clouds shrieking and bucking like a Western broncho"

"YOU an airman!" scoffed the girl friend. "Don't make me laugh. You'd be too scared to get into a 'plane." The girl friend had been quite insufferable to me since she had joined the Women's Auxiliary Something-or-Other.

Running around in her trim uniform, with that fetching little hat from which the curls peeped out, she felt it beneath her dignity to be seen with a young man still in civilian clothes.

When I told her that I was going to learn to fly, she laughed in my face.

That settled it.

I stormed off in a towering rage, determined never to see the girl again . . . not at any rate until I had won the V.C., the D.S.O., and the D.F.C., at least.

I would then go back to her and with the utmost magnanimity lay my honours at her feet, and myself in her adoring arms.

Well, you know the stuff, especially when a young man is in love, and wants to prove his worth to a haughty damsel.

Some weeks later I was sitting alone in the back seat of a "school-bus," an aeroplane on which you get your preliminary lessons, preparing for my first solo flight.

There was the usual sinking feeling at the pit of my "tummy," as I opened the throttle to test the engine.

My instructor wandered over to the side of the machine, and laid his hand on my arm.

"Don't turn until you get to 500 ft.," he bawled into my ear. "Hang around for ten minutes and then land.

"Don't lose sight of the 'drome, and if you overshoot coming in, switch on your engine and go round again.

"All right now, off you go, and the best of luck!"

I felt as though a lifeline had been wrenched out of my hand, as the man who had been my constant companion and saviour in that aircraft for the last few weeks turned away from me.

Unhappily I waved to the mechanics to pull away the chocks.

I opened up the engine, and sped across the aerodrome into wind. In a few seconds I was in the air.

Bearing in mind my instructor's warning not to turn until I had reached 500 ft., I gripped the control stick grimly and climbed to 2,000 ft. to be on the safe side.

Then I banked the aircraft over gingerly to the left, and gave her a touch of left rudder, holding her more level with the horizon.

SHE came round fairly well, yet skidded slightly inwards because I had given her too much rudder, but not enough bank.

I hoped my instructor was not looking. I feared he would be, and I looked over the left side of the machine where I expected to see the aerodrome.

It was not there

I looked over the right side.

There was a village that I did not recognise, and a wood beyond.

I glanced all round desperately.

There was nothing but an unrecognisable patchwork of green meadow and brown plough. I was heading into a damp scud of fleecy cloud. My altimeter registered 5,000 ft.

I was flying due north. I had taken off from the aerodrome due south into the wind.

I turned the machine and flew south in the hope of picking up the aerodrome.

Down below I saw a road I couldn't recognise with a body of troops marching along it.

Five minutes later I looked down again.

The troops were gaining on me. I checked up on the landmarks, and then came the terrifying explanation of the lost aerodrome.

At this height the wind was blowing faster than I could fly.

I was being forced backwards.

WHEN I had turned down wind, the hurricane had obviously whisked me past my home aerodrome before I had had time to spot it.

Here I was all set for Scotland, the Orkneys, Shetlands, and the Polar Ice Cap for all I knew.

I hadn't the faintest notion of what I should do when my petrol gave out.

My feet felt ice-bound and my breath was freezing on my goggles. My altimeter showed 7,000 ft.

I shut off the engine and glided to lose height. But not for long.

I was seized with panic as soon as I throttled back the engine.

I needed the reassurance of its steady roar. So I switched on again.

I had often laughed at other first soloists circling round interminably because they dared not switch off their engines to come down. This was not going to be so funny, especially if I had to try to make a forced landing in a pocket handkerchief field—with hidden ditches and cart ruts waiting to turn me over, even if I managed to get on the ground.

Then I had an idea.

If I were to fly east or west, I was bound to come to the sea coast; and if I flew along the coast I would, sooner or later, see an aerodrome.

You will gather that my ideas of air navigation were most elementary.

I altered my course east, and after half an hour's flying I came in sight of the sea.

I plunged into heavy black clouds.

Inside it was as black as in a tunnel.

I could vaguely see the luminous faces of the dials on my instrument board as I blinked in a downpour that cut my face like a lash.

My compass was spinning like a top. My other instruments were going through such contortions that I imagined I must have put the machine on her back.

A few minutes later light began to show through a hole in the cloud, and I came out in a spin, with the earth going round like a whirligig.

I centred the rudder and tried to ease the machine level with the control stick.

She came out shrieking and bucking like a broncho, and ran straight into a patch of fierce bumps that tossed me about like a tub in a rough sea.

My engine gave a cough and a splutter, and I knew that my main petrol tank was empty.

I switched over quickly to the small emergency gravity tank before the propeller had a chance to stop, and looked around desperately for landing space.

I PICKED out the biggest meadow I could see, and was preparing to pluck up enough courage to throttle back the engine and go down to it, when out of the corner of my eye I spotted the distinguishing mark of an aerodrome.

I let out a yell and rammed the nose of the machine down.

I forgot all about fear, and made a perfect landing at the aerodrome office.

"The telephonist will get your number," said the Flight Sergeant, opening the office door, and there at the switchboard in her trim uniform with that fetching little cap sat my very own girl friend.

When I finally got through to my home aerodrome, my instructor was most solicitous as to whether I had damaged the aircraft or myself.

"No, sir," I assured him. "We're neither of us damaged; but seeing that I've come so far, I'd like to transfer to . . . Cr—— what is the name of this aerodrome, operator?"

Reader Francis Ferguson, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1, receives five guineas for this week's true story of World War 2. Eager to reveal such adventures, "John Bull" offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be about this war, and it must be perfectly true.

RUB IN ELLIMANS

RUB OUT PAIN

FOR RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO SCIATICA

SWOLLEN PAINFUL JOINTS

KNEE TROUBLE Etc.

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATIONS

For Human Use 1/3 Medium Size 2/- Large 4/-

ROYAL (for Animals) Medium Size 1/6 Large 2/9

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious FAMILY CAKE

8 oz. plain flour : 4 oz. brown sugar : 3 oz. dripping : 1 egg : 6 oz. mixed fruit : Pinch of salt : ½ teaspoon mixed spice : A little milk : 1 heaped teaspoon BORWICK'S.

Cream the fat and sugar. Add egg, sifted flour, spice, salt and Borwick's. Add fruit and sufficient milk to form a stiff dough. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours.

SAVES EGGS SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

2D/40

Clothes need no boiling now

Better results from new method which saves work and fuel—and the clothes themselves

HERE'S the big news of the New Year: *there is no need to boil any part of your wash ever again!*

Think of it! You need never again slave in a damp kitchen for hours on end—never again have a steaming copper filling the house with washday smell!

You can get *better* results—*whiter* whites, *brighter* coloureds—without any boiling, without any hard rubbing—by a new Rinso method.

1½ HOURS LESS WORK

With this new Rinso method, an average wash (50 pieces) can be finished one and a half hours earlier. Just a short soak in warm Rinso suds and even the extra-dirty whites are dazzling!

And just think! You'll save *more than an hour's fuel every washday.*

That's money saved!

CLOTHES LAST LONGER

And there's another way in which this new method saves money.

It has been found that hard rubbing wears clothes out, and long boiling "sets" dirt in fabrics, making whites greyish. For these reasons clothes wear longer when the old boiling and hard rubbing method is *stopped.* Tests prove the clothes last a third as long again!

So give up that wasteful, wearisome way of washing. Change next washday to this splendidly easy, economical Rinso method. Your whole wash is safe in Rinso. It contains no bleach or any harsh chemicals. Packets are 3½d., 6d., or 1/- (Giant) and you need no bar soap.

OLD LONG-BOILING WAY

A

B

Scientific Proof

Ordinary washing suds have been passed through handkerchief A; Rinso suds have been passed through handkerchief B. Both lots of suds contained an equal amount of dirt. As you can see, the ordinary washing suds have left a deposit of dirt behind on handkerchief A; but Rinso has drawn all the dirt right through the fabric of handkerchief B, leaving none behind. When you wash clothes, the same thing happens. *None* of the dirt gets back on the clothes because *none* of the dirt escapes the Rinso suds. That's why boiling is not necessary with Rinso.

NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of a hour while the suds warm up, then take them out. Now into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. Damp any very grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Let this second batch soak for about twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. In this way you save at least half the fuel you ordinarily use. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot—but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. *And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.*

NO BOILING NOW WITH **Rinso**

R 2886-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Now you can dance all evening long and never have a shiny nose

Glamorous... irresistible... with a skin that's enchantingly 'matt' for hours on end—that's *you* if you use Snowfire Powder Cream! You can forget your powder puff and yet have complexion-confidence if you use this fragrant combination of powder and cream. It makes shiny nose *impossible.* And with it you need never fear clogged pores or coarsened skin texture—its fineness guards you against both. There are five perfect skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory. Use Snowfire Powder Cream on your arms, hands and back too—you will love the velvety finish it gives.

SNOWFIRE

Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer.

Jars 6d. & 1/3
Tubes 6d.
Handbag Containers 3d.

OXO

First Aid for the Larder

Add Oxo to your cooking daily. In these trying times you need the *extra* nourishment Oxo gives and you'll enjoy the *extra* richness and improved flavour. Put Oxo on your shopping list to-day—adds food value.

Giants of the Ring—by A. W. HELLIWELL

So they called him BLACK PRINCE

THE tough customer with the massive, close-shaven head drained his glass and set it down with a challenging crash on the bar.

Then he pounded angrily with a ham-like fist until the bottles danced. The men about him moved hastily back to give him elbow room.

John L. Sullivan was a dangerous man in this mood.

"I bar no man," he roared in his great bass voice. "I'm frightened of no one, but I won't fight niggers, pigs or dogs."

Two days before he had turned down a handsome offer to meet the West Indian coloured heavy-weight, Peter Jackson, and it was being whispered in San Francisco that the great John L. was scared.

News of this rumour sent the rowdy, blustering champion into a rage.

"Scared of that nigger!" he raved. "I wouldn't dirty my hands fighting him. Bleach the son-of-a-gun white and I'll give him the biggest hiding of his life. He wouldn't last a round with me. Why . . ."

What more Sullivan had to say on the subject we shall never know. A chocolate-brown hand was laid firmly on his shoulder and he was spun round like a top.

Confronting him was a tall, magnificently built negro, handsome and kinky-haired. Less bulky than the champion, he overtopped him by two inches and possessed such an air of quiet confidence that Sullivan was instantly silenced.

All his swaggering arrogance left him as he recognised the interrupter.

"Mistah Sullivan, suh, yo' are talking through yo' hat," said the young negro in a soft, fascinating Southern drawl.

The silence was broken only by nervously shuffled feet as he awaited a reply.

But John L. Sullivan had nothing to say.

Without another word, he elbowed his way to the swing doors of the saloon, leaving the honours to the man he had been insulting.

The young man was Peter Jackson, and as soon as Sullivan had left he found himself surrounded by an admiring circle eager to congratulate him. The quarrelsome champion was more feared than liked.

"What was that you told him, Jackson?" said someone. "He was talking through his hat?"

So fifty years ago, in a 'Frisco barroom, was coined a phrase that was to spread through the English-speaking world.

When anybody says "you are talking through your hat" he is repeating the words of Peter Jackson, modest, unassuming Black Prince of Pugilism.

MY father knew him well. They swam together every day in the old Brill's sea-water baths at Brighton when Jackson was training for his fight with Frank Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk.

Jackson began life as a deckhand on a schooner trading between the West Indian islands, and was a magnificent swimmer, employing in the water the same lithe, almost lazy grace as he did in the ring.

When he became friendly with my father he was riding high on the crest of fame's wave, but, unlike many coloured fighters, Jackson remained utterly unspoiled by success.

Courteous and softly spoken, he was one of Nature's gentlemen.

His counterpart in the modern ring is that dynamic fighter Henry Armstrong, who talked to me, when we met in London last year, of music, poetry and short-story writing, to which he one day hopes to devote his time.

Jackson had the same quiet personality and charm of manner.

Inside the ropes he would fight like a tiger.

"Mistah Sullivan, suh, yo' are talking through yo' hat," said the young negro in a soft, fascinating Southern drawl

His meeting with Frank Slavin at the National Sporting Club in London in 1892 is remembered as perhaps the most thrilling fight between two heavyweights ever seen in this country.

A year before Peter Jackson had fought a desperate sixty-one rounds draw with the peerless "Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

These two masters of the art of scientific boxing had matched their wits and skill without either being able to gain the advantage.

Slavin was a different proposition.

Rugged and immensely powerful, not averse to fighting with bare knuckles if the money was right, Slavin was a "fighting fool."

There is no more difficult customer to tackle than the man who does not know when he is licked.

Because of his crushing punch, the Sydney Cornstalk was made favourite among the knowing ones of the gambling fraternity, who believed that he would prove too tough for Jackson.

The pair were great friends. Jackson gave Paddy Slavin his first boxing lessons.

That happened in Larry Foley's gymnasium, birthplace of so many champions, in the days when Slavin hardly knew his left hand from his right.

ADMIRING the promise of his fine physique, Peter had taken him under his wing, coaching him with such skill that Slavin was soon in the running for the Australian title.

Master and pupil then, it was master and pupil again when the two met at the National Sporting Club.

All the white man's strength and

(Continued on page 28)

His £200 "Come-back"

Nearly four years ago a young grocer's assistant in York gave a knock-out blow to local scoffers by winning the First Prize in our 1,019th *Bullets* Contest.

Soon the sceptics were on their feet again. "That's the last prize you'll ever win!" they assured "Bulleteer" Ellis.

Ignoring such discouragement, he went steadily on with his entries, determined that he would come out of the *Bullets* ring with *another* First Prize "purse."

Where are the sceptics now? Knocked clean through the ropes, for it was Mr. H. F. Ellis, 9, Prior's Walk, Boroughbridge Road, York, who won the £200-plus-Radio First Prize in *Bullets* No. 1,200 last week.

Full of punch were his winning words, WAR DEMANDS—CAT'S EYES—DOG'S TEETH.

But *you* could just as easily have thought of them. Turn now to page 35 and get in your blow for the £200 and Billiards Table First Prize which is waiting to be won!

FREE from STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. E. Keys, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered severe heartburn and indigestion. I tried several remedies without benefit. A friend recommended DeWitt's Antacid Powder and I obtained immediate relief from the first dose. I am now in perfect health, able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I am very thankful for De Witt's Antacid Powder."

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief, even in chronic cases of indigestion, because the first dose really does the trick. It kills acidity, soothes the stomach and aids digestion so that you can eat what you like and enjoy *every* meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists, in large sky-blue canisters, prices 1/6 and 2/6.

7 YEARS OF OTHER TREATMENTS BUT Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT CURED HER!

Another Amazing Case

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

Germolene skin healing magic triumphs again! This poor young lady had spent 7 years in a vain search for relief from her skin trouble. She tried Germolene in despair, but—just as it has done for thousands of other sufferers—Germolene worked wonders! Read her mother's letter.

"I feel I must write to you. For the past seven years my daughter Joan has been an outpatient at a local Skin hospital but without any satisfactory benefit. In despair we decided to try GERMOLENE and I must tell you it worked wonders. She is better now than she has ever been; I want to thank you but I cannot find words enough to say how good GERMOLENE is. You can use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, Mrs. B."

Get your Tin of Germolene to-day. Sold Everywhere.

6D 1/3 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

PILES Try the wonderful new internal treatment, GERMOLENE brand. Price 1/3 per box from all chemists.

for 'HOME DEFENCE' against COUGHS & COLDS

WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

KEEP A BOTTLE of

This wartime winter, with its shortage of essential protective foods, is a greater-than-ever threat to the health of children and adults. Thank goodness Galloway's Cough Syrup isn't rationed. It's the finest safeguard against coughs, colds, 'flu, bronchitis, and all other winter ills. Its warm glow touches the vital spot at once—soothing, relieving, curing! Whether your children are at home or away, make sure that "The Family's Lifeguard" is available. Equally effective and safe for young and old.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

1/3 & 2/6 PER BOTTLE

HANDY!

From Chemists and Stores Everywhere.

P. H. GALLOWAY, LTD., Qualified Chemists, LONDON, S.E.17.

SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever today is the significance of the name Player to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 10 for 7 20 for 1/1

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC 517 B.

The Black-Out Crime

THREE MINUTE MYSTERY

"You say these were worth £10," asked Captain Connolly. "They look to me as though you could buy them for about a fiver"

"WELL, Thompson," said Captain Connolly of the Intelligence to the Army truck-driver, "this man Williams insists that you ran him down, smashed his cycle and tore his clothes. He's claiming £10 for a new suit, and £5 for repairs to his machine.

"According to him, it's a wonder you didn't kill him. What about it?"

"There must be some mistake," replied Thompson. "I didn't knock anyone down. This chap must have got the wrong number."

"He had *your* number," Connolly remarked. "You were driving the only Army truck along that road between five o'clock and eight. The accident happened about six-thirty."

"It *must* be a mistake," the man insisted. "Perhaps it wasn't an Army truck at all. I didn't knock anyone down. I saw only one cyclist. He was going up Shooter's Hill, and I passed him with four feet to spare."

"SHOOTER'S HILL is where this is supposed to have occurred," said Connolly. "We'll have Williams in and see what he's got to say!"

When the man arrived, the Intelligence Officer pointed to Thompson, asking whether he was the man who was driving the truck.

"I don't know," came the answer. "The truck struck me a glancing blow. I couldn't see the driver. I might have been all right if it hadn't made me swerve so violently. My trouser leg caught in the gear-wheel, locking it and throwing me off."

Williams undid the large paper parcel he was carrying, and, picking up a battered pair of trousers, he held out the left leg.

"LOOK!" he said, pointing to a large tear surrounded by grease and gear-tooth marks. "It's been ripped to pieces."

"They're certainly not much use, now," Connolly admitted. "What's the coat and vest like?"

They were battered and torn.

"You say these were worth £10" he asked. "They look as though you could buy them for about a fiver."

"The suit cost me £12," Williams replied. "And you ought to see my bicycle!"

"I've seen all I want to see," Connolly said decisively. "If you're not out of this office in ten seconds I'll arrest you on a charge of attempting to obtain money by fraud. Get out!"

WHY DID HE ACCUSE WILLIAMS OF FRAUD?

(See page 34)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Royal Danieli Disappoints

A MID-WINTER trip across the Irish Channel to Dublin never was my idea of a luxury cruise and in these days the voyage is particularly apt to be disturbing. Still, with no prospect of racing at Castle Irwell on New Year's Day, anything seemed better than spending the week-end in Manchester.

So we went to see how Royal Danieli would shape in the three-mile New Year Handicap 'Chase at Baldoyle.

He didn't shape well, and was beaten three parts of a length by Bally Hopeful, who will be among his rivals for the £3,000 Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown next week.

Royal Danieli just scraped home from Jack Chaucer, a stable companion of Bally Hopeful, over the Leopardstown course on Boxing Day.

These performances have shaken the faith of Irishmen in Royal Danieli's ability to win the Red Cross 'Chase, but I do not agree with the critics of Mr. McNally's horse.

If the big prize is won by an Irish-trained horse it will be the handsome Royal Danieli. He will, however, have to try very hard to beat the English challengers.

It should be a tip-top race, well worth the discomforts of another crossing.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 11, to Wednesday, January 17.

K	X	U	Z	R	96	96	G	E	D	V	B	N	H	J	T
S	O	Y	97	L	W	F	94	M	P	Q	C	I	93	95	A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTEZU would read SAMMY.

Continuing

GIANTS OF THE RING

determination were of no avail against the sphinx-like negro's wizardry.

Always choosing the shortest path to a win, Slavin tried in vain to hit the shifting, swaying, dancing coloured fighter.

Jackson's judgment of distance and timing bordered on the uncanny.

Not for a moment did Slavin cease trying.

Careless of the stiff lefts with which the negro continually jabbed him he bored in aggressively through round after round, but his flailing fists did little damage.

All the time Jackson was scoring with crisp and deadly blows to head and body.

Only once, in the sixth round, did Slavin have Jackson in any sort of trouble. He managed to drive three tremendous punches—a left, a right and another left—to the coloured fighter's lean stomach.

For a second Peter's poker-faced calm deserted him. His mouth gaped in distress and his eyes rolled a little wildly. Almost instantly he had recovered and was boxing with the same unruffled ease.

Having fought himself to a standstill, Slavin took terrible punishment during the closing minutes, and when he came lurching from his corner for the tenth round he was too weary to raise his hands.

He stood with his gloves hanging helplessly at his sides, utterly and completely at Jackson's mercy.

Yet the negro would not hit him.

He turned to the referee, Bernard John Angle, to stop the bout.

Angle shook his head.

"Fight on," he said.

"I must finish him then?" murmured Jackson. Distaste for the unpleasant task was written plainly upon his handsome, kindly features.

Then, with an apologetic, "I'm sorry, Frank," he clipped the big Australian as humanely as he could on the chin.

When Slavin revisited this country after the last war, he noticed a large portrait of Peter Jackson hanging in one of the corridors of the National Sporting Club.

He stood before it, and when he turned away there was a suspicious glint in his eyes.

"Good old Pete," he said. "He was the best of them all. We'll never see another like him."

Leg Trouble for 16 Years

A Confirmed Cripple

16 years of agony! 16 years of horrible discharging! 16 years of awful skin torture "miraculously" ended by Holloways Ointment! Every skin sufferer must read and take heart at this wonderful tribute. "I suffered with a bad leg for 16 years and tried everything for it. I was turned out of hospital incurable—a confirmed cripple. I was advised to try Holloways Ointment and the trouble was completely healed."

Skin Came Off in Large Patches

"My wife was very much afflicted with eczema about the body, and had four large holes in one leg. The skin came off in large patches every day, and the itching was terrible. No relief could be procured. I persuaded her to try Holloways Ointment. In less than a week she was enabled to put her feet to the ground, and before a month expired could wear her shoes and go about as if nothing had been the matter. All our friends consider it marvellous!"

Nasty Sores on Hands and Arm

"I had some very nasty sores on my hands and arm; after a few days the trouble began to spread. A friend, however, recommended me to try Holloways Ointment, which I did, and after a few pots I am pleased to tell you I am free of every sore spot and the trouble is healed."

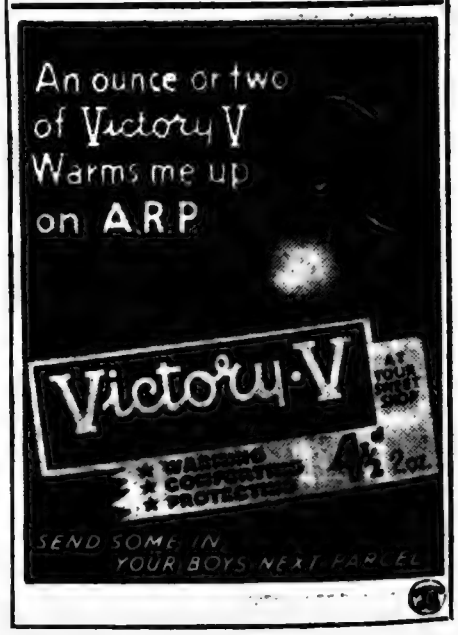
Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that . . . instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



FOLLOW the simple health rule of daily Inner Cleanliness. Then, not only will you keep fresh and look your best, but you'll feel fitter physically and mentally. From the moment you drink your tonic sparkling glass of Andrews, your Inner Cleanliness begins. See how Andrews does its purifying work:

FIRST—Andrews cleans the tongue and mouth.

NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

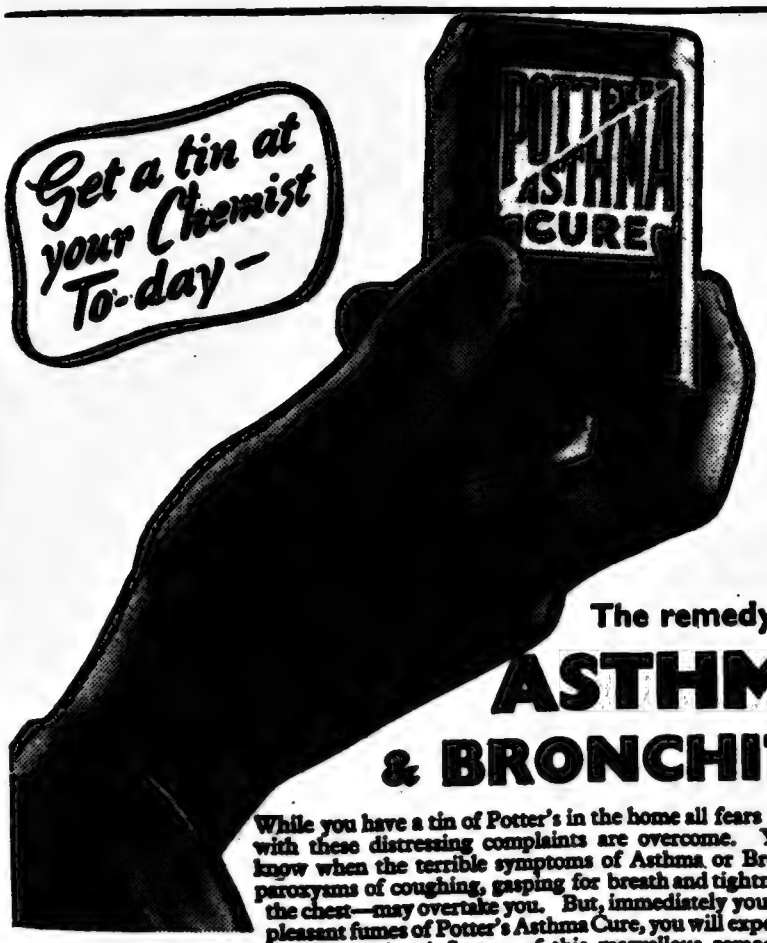
THEN—Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons and purifies the blood.

Take Andrews regularly—as often as you need it. It makes you fit and keeps you fit. 9d. and 1/4

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(Bpe)



The remedy for

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

While you have a tin of Potter's in the home all fears associated with these distressing complaints are overcome. You never know when the terrible symptoms of Asthma or Bronchitis—paroxysms of coughing, gasping for breath and tightness across the chest—may overtake you. But, immediately you inhale the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure, you will experience the wonderful soothing influence of this marvellous remedy. Once again you will be able to enjoy life, go about your usual occupation and be sure of restful and refreshing sleep at night. Instant relief can be yours, if only you will keep Potter's Asthma Cure at hand. It is the safest and most reliable remedy you can have. It is invaluable in cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, Hay Fever and all children's chest and lung troubles. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9.

No medicine or tablets to take

Recommended by Doctors

POST COUPON FOR BOOKLET (JB)

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1. Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull

All who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER
WITH ITS MOST GLORIOUS PERFUME

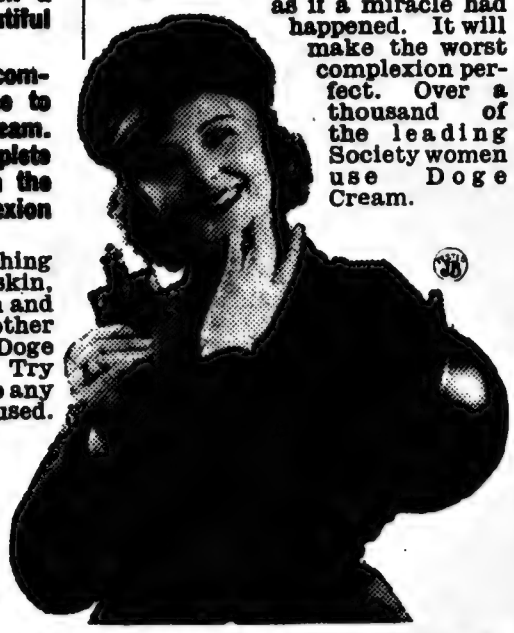
Every girl who is doing National Service, and will be in the open, must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN TUBES 6D. & 9D.
IN POTS 1/- & 2/-
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.



(JB)

RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised shops. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL COSTS 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

(JB)

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers . . . ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

Voice of the People

- **Still Serving at 70**
- **"Anti-War" Preacher**
- **Torch-light Fiends**
- **Greedy Landladies**

GERMANY has had three rulers since the last war—Ebert, Hindenburg and Hitler.

Curiously, Ebert has five letters in his name and ruled five years. Hindenburg, with ten letters, ruled ten years.

There are six letters in Hitler's name. The sixth year ends in 1940.

So now you know when the war will end!—J. W. Denham, 70, Welbeck Street, Mansfield, Notts.

WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO SEE THE NATIONAL EFFORT RELAXED ON THE STRENGTH OF IT!

Patching It Up!

FRENCH military authorities have a most effective way of making soldiers who have quarrelled "patch it up."

Offenders are told to wash the same dirty window. Even the angriest can't resist laughing at such a ridiculous situation, and the two are soon friends again.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to have Chamberlain and Hitler trying this with a view to bringing peace into the world.—J. F. Porter, 97, Leith Street, Edinburgh.

HITLER WOULD CRACK THE WINDOW AND BLAME CHAMBERLAIN FOR THE "INCIDENT."

● *Reader W. Stone sent this war time photograph, taken at Glastonbury, Somerset, on one of Britain's six million acres of peat bog. "English peat is now selling like hot cakes," adds Reader Stone*

Sober Soldiers

SINCE the war broke out I have never seen a soldier drunk or even slightly the worse for drink. Yet I live among thousands of them in Aldershot.

I have not even seen one man behaving badly in public.

There couldn't be a higher standard of behaviour in a town full of theological students.—J. Sullivan, Coleman Road, Aldershot.

THIS CONFIRMS OUR OBSERVATIONS IN MANY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE THE FANATICS WHO KEEP LIBELLING THE TROOPS HAVE SEEN THE THINGS THEY DESCRIBE.

Black-Out Cads

BLACK-LIST black-out cads.

My mother depends for a living on a small shop.

She has dutifully blacked-out her shop, yet a rival has resorted to half-measures, and gets all her night trade.

Torch-light fiends, motorists who park cars without lights and many of the like should be put in the pillory.—J. E. H., Blackburn, Lancs.

WORST OFFENDERS ARE YOUNG HOOLIGANS WHO ARE MAKING THE STREETS UNSAFE FOR GIRLS IN SOME PROVINCIAL TOWNS.

The Gold-diggers

"TAKE it or leave it" attitude is also adopted by many landladies in reception areas. Four young Civil Servants are charged 10s. each for sharing a room, three others have to pay 12s. each for sharing an attic.

That's hard on girls earning only 30s. or 35s. a week. Yet it's still harder that some of the folks left safely at home are displaying petty greed when men are dying to save their country.

Going Strong!

SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD "DINNY" FIELDING, a friend of mine, has "blarneyed" himself into the Army as a man of fifty-five. He is in a Home Defence Unit!

The other day he asked me to take him before the commanding officer. He wanted special week-end leave.

"Why do you want a pass, Fielding?" he was asked.

"Well, you see, sir," "Dinny" replied. "it's my mother.

"She wants me to dig the vegetable garden for her so that she can do her share of war work. *She's not so young as she was.*"—Charles E. Welch, 40, Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

Pulpit Politics

I HAVE just heard an extraordinary view of the war expressed from a chapel pulpit.

We are not fighting for any principles, it was declared, but merely because our politicians have "got us into a mess."

We lie when saying we are fighting for Christian principles. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of us don't know Christ.

This preacher did not make one reference to the Gospel.

His whole talk was political, and critical of the Government, interspersed with attacks on the B.B.C. and newspapers.

He was very young.—L. Colquith, 23, Chepstow Avenue, Wallasey, Cheshire.

SOME SO-CALLED BRITONS ARE WORTH A BATTALION OF INFANTRY TO THE GERMANS.

You'd Tax Me!

WHEN a reader suggested that a special war tax should be put on all men who missed service in both the last war and this, he was writing rubbish.

I was too young to fight in the last war, and medical reasons make it impossible for me to serve in this.

Yet it is argued that I should be taxed for my "good luck"—which includes 15 years in hospitals, long unemployment that is still continuing, and real out-and-out disappointment at not being able to do my bit in the Army.

I hope that the tax won't be too heavy!—C. J., Acton, W.3.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Tommy, Jack and Bill

WHAT pension can be claimed by the wife of a leading signalman in the Navy killed on active service?

This question was put to the so-called expert of another weekly journal.

The answer wrongly declared that the pension would depend on the man's length of service, and "would all be worked out at the Admiralty on a schedule for individual cases"—whatever that might mean.

Now the question has been sent to us.

For fear others have been misinformed, JOHN BULL wants to make it clear that the widow of a naval man killed in action receives 15s. 6d. a week if she is under forty and has no children.

If she is above that age, cannot support herself, or has a child entitled to allowances, the pension is 22s. 6d. a week

Additions may be made according to the dead man's rank: an extra 1s. 6d. for a leading rating, 3s. for a petty officer, 4s 6d. for a chief petty officer, 7s. 6d. for a sergeant-major of the Royal Marines.

You can depend on our Pensions Expert, just as you can depend on authoritative answers from our Free Advice Service to other posers from relatives of Servicemen.

Recent questions and answers include:

Mrs. F., Bury St. Edmunds.—"Five acres of my land has been taken over for military purposes and I have had to get rid of some of my stock. Am I entitled to compensation?"

Yes, by way of rent for military occupation and for any damage done. You should also receive compensation for actual loss due to the inability to graze your cattle. Appeal to the local tribunal.

Mrs. J., Yorks.—"My boy is struggling to make a success of a business he bought recently. Could he obtain postponement of military service?"

He should apply for postponement when medically examined.

IF YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY, WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

How I remove UNWANTED HAIR from ARMS and LEGS

1 I just apply New 'VEET' straight from the tube. No unpleasant smell; no mess or bother.

2 Then I wash it off with plain water. The hair washes away too. Not a trace remains.

3 No stubble like the razor leaves. Not even a shadow. Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet.

Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern quick, clean, easy way to end your superfluous hair troubles is with New 'VEET.'

A New Recipe Against COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA

You can make it up yourself

Everyone who is troubled with coughs, colds or influenza and finds it difficult to get rid of should try this recipe which will bring immediate relief.

Ask your chemist for 1 oz. of PARMINT (Double Strength) Concentrated Essences and mix it with syrup made by dissolving 3 to 4 ounces of granulated sugar in half a pint of hot water (not boiling). Stir well until completely dissolved. Dose for adults: 1 tablespoonful; for children 8-12, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-7 years, 1 teaspoonful; to be taken four times a day, that is, once after each of the three principal meals and on retiring at night. This Parmint cough and cold Mixture is so concentrated that it brings immediate relief to the annoying cough and the phlegm is quickly cleared from the nose, throat and chest. This recipe is very easy to make, economical and is pleasant to take so that it is just what you want for children. Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

In a month I had put on 9½ lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scrawny and weak victims. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success." "After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are skinny, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Irvona will give you a strong, healthy, figure and increased stamina and physique.

"IRVONA" Blood Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 2/- for 2 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:

IRVONA (Dept. 29 A), 1, GREEN STREET, FLORENCE, W.1. (These privileges do not apply to Eire). *All privileges rights are claimed in the preparation of this advertisement. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd. (Trade).*

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

He: Ah, I see you've remembered my Shavex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Lavender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

SHAVEX is sold in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. 40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19

ZEE-KOL (BRAND)

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., 40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19.

FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march—at any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for stiff joints. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

2D. WILL BRING YOU RELIEF FROM COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU

It's actually a FACT! 2d stops a COLD, averts a CHILL and even nips 'FLU "in the bud"! For 2d is the cost of a *Beechams Powder*—the amazing remedy which "acts like magic." Swallow one and the sneeze is gone! The headache vanishes! The shivery feeling is put to flight! Eyes stop running, that "congested" feeling is conquered and the ache departs from your limbs. Why suffer and sniffle—let *Beechams Powders* bring relief for 2d.! Wonderful also for RHEUMATISM, NERVE PAINS, HEADACHES.

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Carton of 6 Powders 1/-. Single Powders 2d. each. Sold Everywhere. Not Lasative. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

Are You Feeling 100% Fit? Here are

2 RELIABLE REMEDIES

They will give Prompt Relief and Save you Doctor's Bills.

Order them To-day—Accept the Special Bonus Trial Offer Free!

These two important remedies are particularly valuable at this time of the year. They relieve suffering, keep you fit and save unnecessary expense. Each remedy has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid and is guaranteed for purity, quality and efficacy. Accept the bonus trial offers with which you can test free the value of these timely remedies.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

No More GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING.

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices: Trial Size 6d. (24). Other sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Ask for "White Lions," and make your mealtime happier! A Trial will convince you that "WHITE LIONS" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS," to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.99), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial Size 1/- (25). Other Sizes 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement, asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS," to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.99), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

(Dept. J.B. 99), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

An Excellent Hobby by which You can MAKE MONEY IN 1940

Send for Free Particulars

ON page 6 appears an announcement which invites acceptance to a pleasant way of making new friends and money by running a Littlewood 1/- Club without interfering with your work and without risking any capital. Fill in the coupon on page 6 now while you think of it for illustrated catalogue of wartime bargains, complete outfit of stationery, members' cards and forms and full particulars how to run a Littlewood 1/- Club.

RUBBED IN OVERNIGHT

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS CHAPPED HANDS BY MORNING

3d. Family Sizes 6d. & 7d.

HERE'S the second of *John Bull's* January Giants—and it's even bigger than the first! An increased 2-in-1 First Prize of 20/- Weekly for Life *plus* £200 Cash, and there is no reason why *you* should not win it in half-an-hour this evening.

Be sure, however, and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 20.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 185th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, February 1. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£200 plus BILLIARDS and DINING TABLE FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Great New Cash and Home Amusement Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. When you do this there may be some risk of being cut
4. Customers sometimes prefer this with nuts
6. Helps successful quack doctor to remain successful
8. Allow
9. Has been known to be washed away by encroaching sea
12. Sometimes made very attractive for young children
16. Big second-hand furniture shop might well be able to furnish one
17. Relate
19. When one is drawing well, it's worth going on with
20. Wintry one makes most of us miserable
21. Back may turn out to be this

DOWN CLUES

1. Deposit may make it easy to secure this
2. Fasten
3. Cutting one is a very simple business
5. Men in this may have some special information
7. New tie is sometimes only used for this
10. May be the kind it's hard to get out of
11. Many a man could turn out a little tin one in his factory
12. Big one will probably worry poor workman
13. Russia is one, there's no denying that
14. It's not a bad plan for hiker to take this when he's very long way to go
15. Break of continuity in this would be called a fault
18. Number of years in Hyderabad

2 BIG CHEQUES and 40 NEW YEAR HAMPERS

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 182.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 182, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:

N. BEHAN, 58, Moss Park Rd., Stretford, Manchester.

H. J. WHITE, Finedon, Old Netley, Bursledon, Southampton.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £175 will be sent to each.

The 40 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries submitted will each receive a New Year Hamper. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A £5 Cash Bonus will be sent to each winner in Contest No. 182 who also received a prize in Crossword No. 181.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. PENT. 3. CASE. 5. OUT. 8. PIN. 9. MARCH. 10. BEAM. 13. EDIT. 17. STEEP. 18. DOILY. 19. WORD.
DOWN.—1. PIPE. 2. TAIL. 3. COAL. 4. STAR. 6. BAR. 7. TEARS. 9. MATES. 11. SIT. 12. PLAY. 13. EVE. 14. GALA. 15. LEG. 16. MOD.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 185, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 185, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., JAN. 20

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, January 20, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 1. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

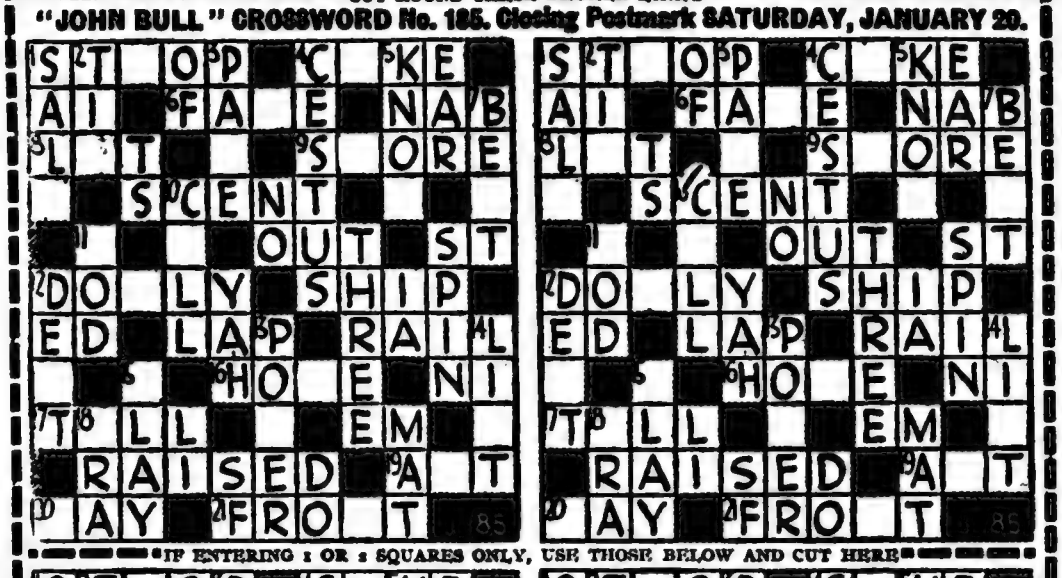
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £450 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

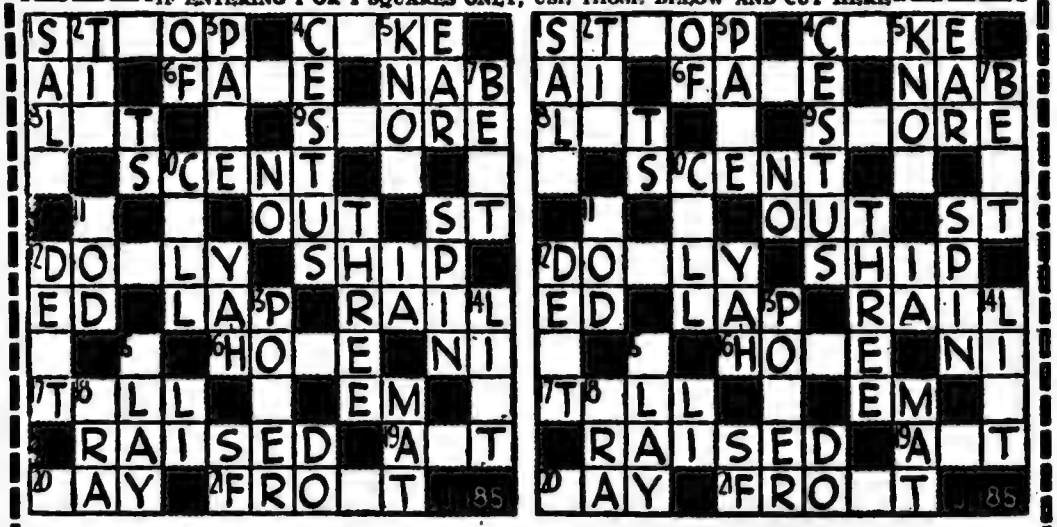
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 185. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, JANUARY 20.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

17.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

Inside the WAR TIME GAMBLING DENS

War-time gambling has caught even women, who are being lured into bridge games in which the stakes are dangerously high

By William J. GAGE

"John Bull's" Chief Commissioner

IMPOVERISHED titled women have found a goldmine in the war-time gambling craze. Some of them are letting their London houses at fabulous rents each night for "parties" that merely camouflage casinos.

Crooks with big bank rolls, sharpers, confidence tricksters and rogues of every kind are jostling with honest bookmakers and financiers in this new Klondyke rush.

The evil has reached alarming proportions in London, and is rapidly spreading to other cities and towns.

After spending a week visiting haunts in the West End of London, I am astounded at what I have seen.

In some large houses where gambling goes on in closely guarded rooms every night, and often during the day, it is a deadly serious business.

Only men and women able to afford big stakes are welcomed. There is no time for the drinking and cabaret shows of the night club.

Poker, roulette, faro, dice-throwing and other games of chance pile up huge losses and winnings.

AT some places all those taking part are hardened gamblers and everything is above board. In others shady promoters rob victims, who include members of the Forces, of hundreds, and often thousands, of pounds.

Most popular game is faro.

If the bank should lose heavily, expert card-sharpers make sure that no one leaves with much of the winnings.

Ex-pugilists throw out anyone hinting that there is trickery afoot.

One of the worst dens I found was disguised as a billiards hall. Well-furnished, it had a number of excellent tables, but at the far end of the hall was a door leading to a gaming room.

At a signal from men always on the look-out, the room can be cleared in a few minutes and there is a backdoor escape.

Some of the men making the biggest hauls are confusing the police by arranging their "parties" in a different house or flat each night.

Touts make sure that likely dupes know where to go.

One such promoter is concentrating on officers and men in the ranks who have substantial private incomes.

Before the war he was suspected of fleecing visitors from overseas.

Convinced that he is now making money out of his "rigged" gambling parties, detectives are on his track.

One Society crook, with many convictions, was sent to jail only a week ago for obtaining money by false pretences. He is Gerald Riviere, whose name is frequently associated with a gang known as the "Shaftesbury Millionaires."

The gang at one time included William Warren, probably the cleverest confidence trickster in the world.

He acquired the nickname of "Bludger Bill."

An establishment in the Shaftesbury Avenue area, where some of the biggest money is being wagered by bookmakers, is run by a woman.

These racing men, deprived of their usual betting channels, stake as much as £500 on a game of cards.

I saw more than 200 people, with a good sprinkling of men in uniform, at one of these clubs. Men were being lured from the bar to a room where poker and faro were being played.

NO one was intended to win.

There is a similar secret room in a basement club below a block of offices in the West Central district.

People go here under the impression that it is a night club. There is drinking and dancing, but the owners make most of their profits out of gambling.

House agents, who easily obtained high rents for furnished flats in good residential neighbourhoods before the war, have joined in the scramble.

They are charging £50 a night for flats used for gaming parties.

Even larger amounts are being charged by one man who has made a fortune by letting flats to women of questionable character.

He finds gaming more profitable.

This man lives in a large mansion a few miles outside London, and probably no one who knows him there has the slightest idea of the despicable way in which he makes his money.

Under existing laws it is extremely difficult to put these men in the dock. They pocket a great deal of the money fleeced from men in London night haunts, but usually their so-called managers have to face the music.

Detectives know that the man behind a club which was raided recently, finances many shady dens. Yet he is so cunning that they cannot touch him.

He has destroyed all possible evidence of his connection with the club.

HE instals managers, and the police have to be content with prosecuting them.

There was a tape machine concealed in one raided club, and considerable gambling went on there behind the façade of the usual night haunt.

The increase of clubs and gaming dens shows how timely was JOHN BULL'S warning just after the outbreak of war, when Sir Wyndham Childs urged that steps should be taken to prevent these places from springing up.

From his experience in a military capacity in the last war he knew how insidious the evil could become.

A new law giving the police much wider powers should have been passed at once. It is as important as other aspects of war time life now dealt with by special legislation.

The Government will find that it will still have to deal with the problem in this way.

Pools Notes—By "Poolex"

THE twelve-results pool has now been revived on the "Unity" pool coupon in response to requests from "pool fans."

With results rather easier to forecast now, choosing bankers is robbed of many of its difficulties. Punters should tackle this pool by banking on some results and then covering the more tricky matches with a simple permutation.

This is better than trying to provide an alternative forecast for every match, which needs a large entry to stand any chance of success.

Most punters will have noticed that drawn games are now much scarcer than in pre-war days. In suggesting permutations for the twelve-results pool I have avoided trying to provide a lot of cover for draws that are not likely to happen.

To start with, here are some permutations ignoring the "X's" entirely.

(a)

1 1 2 2
1 2 1 2
1 2 2 1
1 2 1 2

(b)

1 2 1 2 1 2 1
2 1 1 2 2 2 1
1 2 1 2 2 1 1
2 1 2 2 1 1 2
2 2 1 1 1 1 2

(c)

1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2
1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2
1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2
1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2
1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2
1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2
1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

Table "a" covers four games and guarantees not more than one error provided there are no draws among the results.

Tables "b" and "c" cover five and seven matches with the same conditions.

When it is desirable to provide for the possibility of "x's," two-way forecasts of 1—x or 2—x are recommended. They could be combined in the same way as the 1—2 tables already given.

Five games could be covered for 1 or x to the limit of one error by the following:

1 x 1 x 1 x 1
x 1 1 x x x 1
1 x 1 x x 1 1
x 1 x x 1 1 x
x x 1 1 1 1 x

This is the same as Table "b" above, with "x's" in place of "2's."

Fewer columns are required to cover the really probable results, and the four columns given in table "d" cover five 1—x forecasts to a limit of one error, provided there are not more than two drawn games in the group.

Tables "e" and "f" are for six and seven matches. Table "e" guarantees not more than one error, provided the result is either 1 or x, and there are not more than two drawn games out of the six. Table "f" gives the same guarantee for seven games, provided there are not more than three draws.

(d)

1 1 1 x
1 1 x 1
1 x 1 1
x 1 1 1
x 1 1 1

(e)

1 1 1 x
1 1 x 1
1 x 1 1
x 1 1 1
x 1 1 1

(f)

x 1 1 1 1 1 x 1 1 1 x x
1 1 x 1 1 x 1 1 1 x 1 x 1
1 1 x x 1 1 1 1 1 x 1 x
1 1 1 1 x x 1 1 1 x 1 x
1 1 1 1 1 1 x x x x 1 1
1 x 1 1 1 1 1 x 1 1 x x

I have considered forecasts of 1 or x, but 2—x forecasts can be used for such matches as required simply by changing the "1's" in any of the tables to "2's."

ACID STOMACH

When your stomach feels heavy and sour through excessive acidity, take a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder (or 2 tablets).

It is surprising how quickly this famous remedy neutralises excess acid—reduces the "blown-out" feeling of flatulence and puts an end to stomach pain.

You can never be caught unawares by sudden Indigestion or Stomach Pain if you carry a tin of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets in your bag or vest pocket.

HANDY POCKET TIN 6D 15 TABLETS

Economy Pocket Tin (25 tablets) ... 9d.
Slide-top Tin (50 tablets) 1/3

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE ON THE TIN

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder (POWDER OR TABLETS)

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

DON'T TRY TO STRUGGLE ON, hoping to feel better to-morrow. End the torment of kidney trouble and become healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles, disturbed sleep, and other kidney ailments. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

SKIN TROUBLE TURNED TO
IMPETIGO

To neglect a few pimples or irritating spots is to ask for serious trouble. Read this remarkable report in proof of this, and learn how D.D.D. Brand Prescription for all forms of skin trouble comes to the rescue.

SKIN ABSOLUTELY CLEAR WITHIN A WEEK!

READ THIS LETTER: Mrs. M. M. Albrow, of Putney, S.W., writes on August 11, 1937: "About a month ago I had a small outbreak on my chin and being in a rundown condition it quickly turned to impetigo. My face got worse and the inflammation soon spread to my eye. A friend recommended me to try D.D.D. Prescription which I am thankful to say, I did. The first one or two applications brought relief and within a week my face was absolutely clear.

D.D.D. Prescription sold by chemists everywhere for 1/3 a bottle, is a cleanly, non-greasy liquid which gets right down into the skin and clears out the cause of your skin trouble. It is the quickest-acting and the most reliable remedy in cases of eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, boils, ulcers, indeed any form of skin trouble. If you are a sufferer we make you this special

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Simply send your name and address (a postcard will do) and you will be posted a generous test bottle of this remedy. Address your application to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.13), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3 -, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

Skin Eruptions
CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddenning itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 26, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

★ THE LAST LAUGH

The Kid by LEES

CORPORAL (Salisbury Plain).—"I had a theory there was something wrong with my head, so I went to the M.O. about it." And he assured you there was nothing in it?

P. F. (Ropley).—"No news is good news, I always say." Evidently you're not a newspaper reporter.

PETTY OFFICER (East Coast).—"I learned by telegram that I had become the father of twins." Squalls ahead.

B. T. (Ilford).—"We played leap-frog and the others laughed when I dropped out." You are expected to keep your end up.

F. B. (Preston).—"Some of the A.F.S. men had Christmas dinner with us." We hope they didn't put out the fire on the Christmas pudding.

D. W. (Windsor).—"Butter rubbed on a kitten's paws will prevent it straying." We are afraid that for 1940 kittens, margarine will have to do.

W. L. (Hammersmith).—"I've been out with my pal who's home on leave. No, I'm not tight, but—well, what would you feel like after a couple or so?" Another couple or so.

MRS. Y. (Surbiton).—"I punished my hubby whom I caught kissing our new maid by making him buy me a new dress, but I don't think I'll discharge her yet." You'll be wanting a new hat?

MILITIAMAN (Sussex).—"My Editor expects a certain amount of work from me, even if I am in the Army." No dodging the column.

BERT (Bootle).—"I believe in paying as I go." But, maybe, you don't believe in going.

K. L. (Essex).—"I didn't want to fall out with the sergeant, so I did as he suggested." And fell in?

BETTY (Torquay).—"I am sending you a picture of my boy friend. He is the type that is very easy to please." So are you.

F. G. (Norwood).—"If Goebbels should tell the truth one day, I wonder what would happen." He'd probably correct himself.

MADGE (Margate).—"After all, what does a crusty old bachelor know about women?" All there is to know. Proof: he's not married.

M. P. (London).—"I am looking toward the day when there will be a little more sense in politics." You mean you are contemplating retirement?

EVA (Rochdale).—"I claim to be modern but I can't cure the embarrassing habit of blushing when I shouldn't." But that's better than not blushing when you should.

Mystery Solution

(See page 28)

THE chain-wheel of a bicycle is always on the *right*. Williams could not possibly have caught the *left* leg of his trousers in it.

Connolly guessed, therefore, that the supposed accident never occurred.

SIDE-SLIPS

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—". . . but as it had been announced that the sirens would not be sounded during the exercises, the MORNING was not misunderstood."

THE HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—". . . it had cost him £6 to bring his mother-in-law to Birmingham from Dewsbury and he would have to pay her FACE back."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"This odd lot was taken into active service at once, or sent to RAINING schools."

STAR:—"When firemen arrived they only had to use buckets of WAR to complete the job of putting out the fire."

LEOMINSTER NEWS:—"Mr. Morrison then replied, and claimed that the PLUMS of the Food Ministry had checked what otherwise might have been a steep rise in prices."

J. H. (Bungay).—"What was the greatest misfortune you ever had with your car?" Buying it.

T. W. (Aylesbury).—"A vacuum-cleaner salesman fainted on my doorstep the other day." You bought one?

T. P. (Lydford).—"I always make a point of keeping an open mind." In the hope that something may get into it?

L. A. (Totnes).—"I believe the girl next door would marry the biggest fool in the world if he asked her to." Well, propose to her and make certain.

S. Y. (St. Albans).—"Now that I've come into a decent bit of money I am determined not to do anything for myself." What about eating?

W. D. (Flitwick).—"I have just got a new job, and I'm working at it for all I'm worth." It's good to hear that at least one man is satisfied with his wages.

LEONARD G. (Slough).—"All bright and clever men are definitely very conceited." We're prepared to argue against that—we're not a bit conceited.

E. H. (Ramsgate).—"After a month in the Army, I find that my tunic is too tight, due to the fact that every day I have a really good tuck in." Then let a tuck out.

E. S. (Rotherham).—"The specialist informed my wife that she was of a very nervous disposition. I wonder what he told her that for?" About five guineas, we expect.

MRS. S. M. (Glossop).—"Because of my son's disgusting greediness I have had a lock fitted on our larder, and removed my fruit dishes from the dining-room." Another blockade, eh?

G. F. (Peterborough).—"When I went into the kitchen the other evening. I found our maid being kissed by a policeman." Well, it's against the law to resist an officer.

M. B. (Box).—"What do people, who take part in winter sports, usually carry their skates in?" Pairs.

T. M. (Ickenham).—"I used to think a feather bed was necessary, but now I am in the Army I sleep on anything." What about sentry-go?

R. M. (Colne).—"Profiteers are being sent to prison, so I wonder what you would get if you charged 4d. instead of 2d. for JOHN BULL?" Double the price.

Ben (Isleworth).—"I am certain that Hitler has no stomach for a big offensive on the Western Front." Perhaps. But Goering has stomach enough for two.

P. W. (Oldham).—"The photograph I had taken recently makes me look much older than I am." Never mind. That will save you having one taken later on in life.

R. M. (Newhaven).—"When the small boy hit my wife in the back of the neck with a snowball, I explained to him that his foolish action might have led to something much more serious." It might have hit you, for instance?

SAPPER (Middlesex).—"I've taken her out a few times but haven't kissed her yet." She probably thinks the first syllable of your rank very appropriate.

P. B. (Southport).—"British sailors enjoy rum." German sailors prefer port.

D. C. (Clapham).—"I don't like watching billiards." Do the three balls remind you of something you once owned?

R. N. (Morden).—"The fog overtook me without any warning." Well, you didn't expect it to sound a hooter, did you?

R. M. (Becontree).—"It had been freezing hard, and what do you think I slipped on when I went out?" Your overcoat?

T. B. (Kettering).—"Is a soldier who croons likely to be popular with the troops in France?" Yes, provided he stays in England.

H. M. (Daventry).—"In my opinion, my car is worth £500, but what would I get if I put it up for sale?" A disappointment, we should say.

T. T. (Hockley).—"Being in the Army with the name 'Thomas Thomas' isn't all honey." No, but it is nice to be able to say that the Colonel calls you by your Christian name.

"Bullets" Illustrated

Tired of Measuring—German Workmen's Sandwiches, Gestapo!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW HOME AMUSEMENT PRIZES!

CASH and GAMES GALORE for 'Bullets' THIS WEEK!

THE PRIZE JUST WIRE-FREE

£200 CASH

MAGNIFICENT BILLIARDS and DINING TABLE
SIZE TO SUIT YOUR ROOM
—COMPLETE WITH BILLIARDS & SNOOKER BALLS, CUES, ETC
(RADIOGRAM IF PREFERRED)

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 EACH PLUS TABLE TENNIS SET

10 of £2-10 EACH DARTS SET

25 COMPLETE SHOVE HAPENNY SETS

200 New 3-in-1 Prizes of CARD GAMES OUTFITS EACH VALUE 6/6

2,000 OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES

THIS WAY TO WIN A PRIZE

"LINE your purse *and* beat the black-out"—that is the slogan for "Bulleteers" this week. Even on the blackest night you could not be dull with a luxurious Billiards-Dining Table, or a handsome Radiogram, installed for family entertainment.

But this week's fine cash First Prize of £200 is only one of many cheques which are accompanied by new Entertainment Awards. See for yourself how *all* the chief prizes have been devised to provide unlimited hours of amusement in the homes of readers who capture them.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given below.

For instance, a young Hull man, taking the *Example*, WHEN HITLER'S FINISHED, added the words HITLER BUTTER—BRIGHTER BRITAIN, and so won a recent £200 First Prize. If *you* want a place amongst the 2,241 prize-winners in this seasonable big one-week Offer, see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 20.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

COMRADES IN ARMS
SINKING SHIP
WORK FOR THE WORKLESS
OVER IN FRANCE
GERMAN SPIES
FORGOTTEN MAN
AT THE ESTAMINET
HEARTBREAKING JOB
CAN'T PAY
SHORN LAMB
DAD'S GOT A HEADACHE, SO
HEARD AT THE GROCER'S
MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION
SURPRISE FOR FRITZ
WONDERFUL DISPLAY
OUR PADRE
UP CAME A BRASS HAT AND
AFTER THE WAR
REIGN OF TYRANNY
THE U-BOATS ARE BUSY, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

WHEN CHILDREN .....
BRIGHTER .....
PROFITEER'S .....
NO MORE .....
SANDY'S .....
SONNY'S GOT A ..... SO

RESULT of "BULLETS" CONTEST No. 1,201 will appear next week

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-ENTER STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED FEB. 3, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

17

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,204 — Closing postmark, SAT., JAN 20.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,204 — Closing postmark SAT., JAN. 20

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,204 or X-word No. 185 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,204, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY Closing postmark **SATURDAY, JAN. 20**

Be Fit & Be Slim
—Make 1940 Your Year

IF you want to feel better in the year ahead, to look better, get rid of your surplus fat with nightly Bile Beans.

Being purely vegetable, Bile Beans act gently and naturally; that is why they are so safe to take regularly. They tone up the system, purify the blood and gently but surely melt away unwanted fat.

So let Bile Beans make 1940 your year for healthy slimming.

Mrs. J. M., of LINCOLN, writes:—

"At the beginning of last year I resolved to take Bile Beans every night. I never made a better resolution—it was well worth keeping. I now possess a slim figure, a clear skin and radiant health. I shall keep the same resolution again and make certain of another year of perfect health."

By Taking
BILE BEANS.

BRAND PILLS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

F.30 J.B.L. 106 93* Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 1/-. per annum; all other parts of the world, 13s. 9d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 76, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 4, Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere, Paris, France. B210 A371